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AUTUMN TINTS IN SCOTLAND.—A few years back we visited Scotland in October; the Highland Games were over, long-distance motor coaches were but rarities and the autumn tints were superb. Always a land of colour, we saw her in a new perspective.

It may well be that you, who read these lines, may be contemplating, once the bairns are back at boarding-school, a week or so of leisure to equip you better for any winter ills that may lie ahead.

So let us concentrate on Scotland this week, adopting the policy that with the days drawing in, it is better to make one or two motoring centres rather than attempt the grand tour.

Deeside would be a satisfying objective for an autumn holiday and, starting at the Aberdeen end, *Tor-na-Coille Hotel* at Banchory makes a comfortable and convenient centre for touring Deeside, having a look round Aberdeen and seeing something of Scotland's eastern and northern coast-line. This long-established hotel has always kept in the van of progress and for a number of years has been under the able and interested management of Miss Milne. Note, however, that the hotel closes normally from mid-October to February.

Some may prefer a country house rather than an hotel, so we were glad to have discovered this year *Balnacoil*, near Aboyne, run as a guest home by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Basil Harding. "Home" is the keyword here and the atmosphere is apparent as one steps inside. Parquet floors and family furniture are a feature of the lounges and, upstairs, well-furnished bedrooms have the air of guest rooms. Mrs. Harding, who does all the cooking, provides both English and Continental dishes, and her afternoon teas are calculated to obliterate all thought of dieting.

Balnacoil stands in 20 acres of grounds on the north bank of the Dee, a mile on the Ballater side of Aboyne.

In the centre of Deeside is Ballater, and here will be found *The Loirston Hotel*, unlicensed, but none the worse for that, which over a period of years has been personally run by the Lamond family. Comfort, courtesy and cleanliness are the keystones of this admirably-run hotel which the Lamonds are now concentrating on entirely, having given up their interest in Braemar. Seventeen miles further west, we come to Braemar, internationally famous not only for its Royal Highland Gathering but for its healthy and beautiful location and for *The Invercauld Arms* which, we are glad to report, is now better than ever, due largely to the energy and enthusiasm of the manageress, Mrs. Andrews, who is a source of inspiration to all her staff.

Though not actually on Deeside, the September holiday-planner might well consider *Dalmunzie House Hotel*, which lies off the Spittal of Glenshee and is about the half-way point between Perth and Braemar. Once a shooting lodge (23 bedrooms), here one can appreciate the real spirit of Scotland away from the tourist tracks. Lying a mile off the road, glens, burns, mountains and moorland fill the picture on all sides. Denis Winton, *Dalmunzie's* kilted hotelier-Laird, is his own chef—if need be—and with the hotel surrounded by farms, practically everything one eats is Dalmunzie-bred, fed or grown. A comfortable base not only for Deeside but for the Pitlochry area and Tayside.

Those who are limited by time or distance might profitably confine their attentions to Loch Tay and its surrounds. Heading from Perth, *Dunkeld House Hotel*, Dunkeld, would make a delightful pivotal point for an autumn holiday. Situated out of sight or sound of the main road, and with many of its windows looking out over the Tay, this country-house hotel, once the home of the Duchess of Argyll, has charm, grace, luxury and, more importantly, is well and personally managed by the Wilson family and is, therefore, little affected by the vagaries of present-day hotel staff. Open throughout the year, centrally heated when need be, charming bedrooms in their proportions and appointments and with a high standard of catering and service, this hotel is well located for sightseeing.

Another family-run hotel on Tayside which, in spite of its name, will suit those who seek a smallish hotel (20 bedrooms) and the friendly touch that only a family-run hotel can engender is *The Palace Hotel*, Aberfeldy. Mr. and Mrs. S. Gowans are always putting back into the hotel what comes in, yet their charges are so moderate.

Then, only a mile from Aberfeldy, on the way out to Glen Lyon, is *The Weem Hotel*, where we were attracted within by its black-and-white exterior. Deciding to spend the night, we were immediately made welcome by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Dugald McNiven who, we discovered, came over from the west coast to bring the old *Weem Hotel* back into its proper place among good Scottish inns.

Welcome is, indeed, one of the main features of the hotel, and it does not cease with your arrival. Naturally hospitable, the McNivens and their staff provide a very personal touch, and what a great deal they have accomplished since they took over! New beds, new furniture and a great deal of repainting were needed to bring the inn up to its present standard. The cooking, too, is in capable hands, and we found the description in the brochure—"good, wholesome Scottish food"—to be exact.

Two miles from Aberfeldy, on the quiet Kinloch Rannoch road, *The Weem Hotel* has fishing rights on the Tay and a golf-course close by. The surrounding hills are an invitation to the walker, while the neat hotel garden across the road offers relaxation for the guests who have just come to rest.

Finally, as a complete contrast in Scottish scenery, consider that southern sector which embraces the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Though this pleasant country town is eight miles off the A.75 Dumfries–Newton Stewart main road, *The Selkirk Arms* is well worth diverting to, but whether it is for a meal or to stay, it is best to book ahead, for there are many others who know about it besides us.

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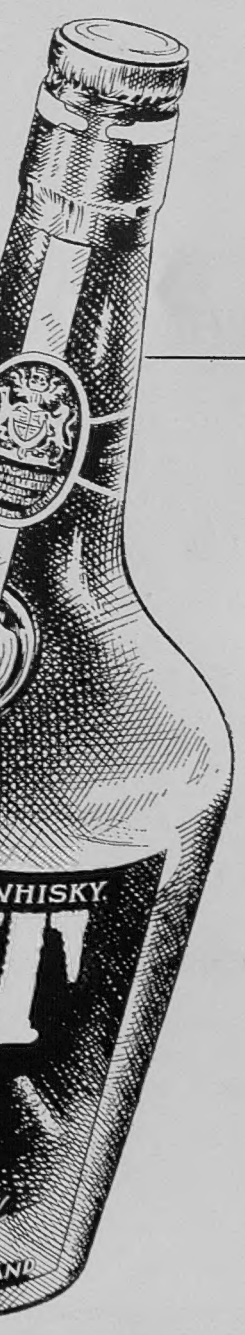

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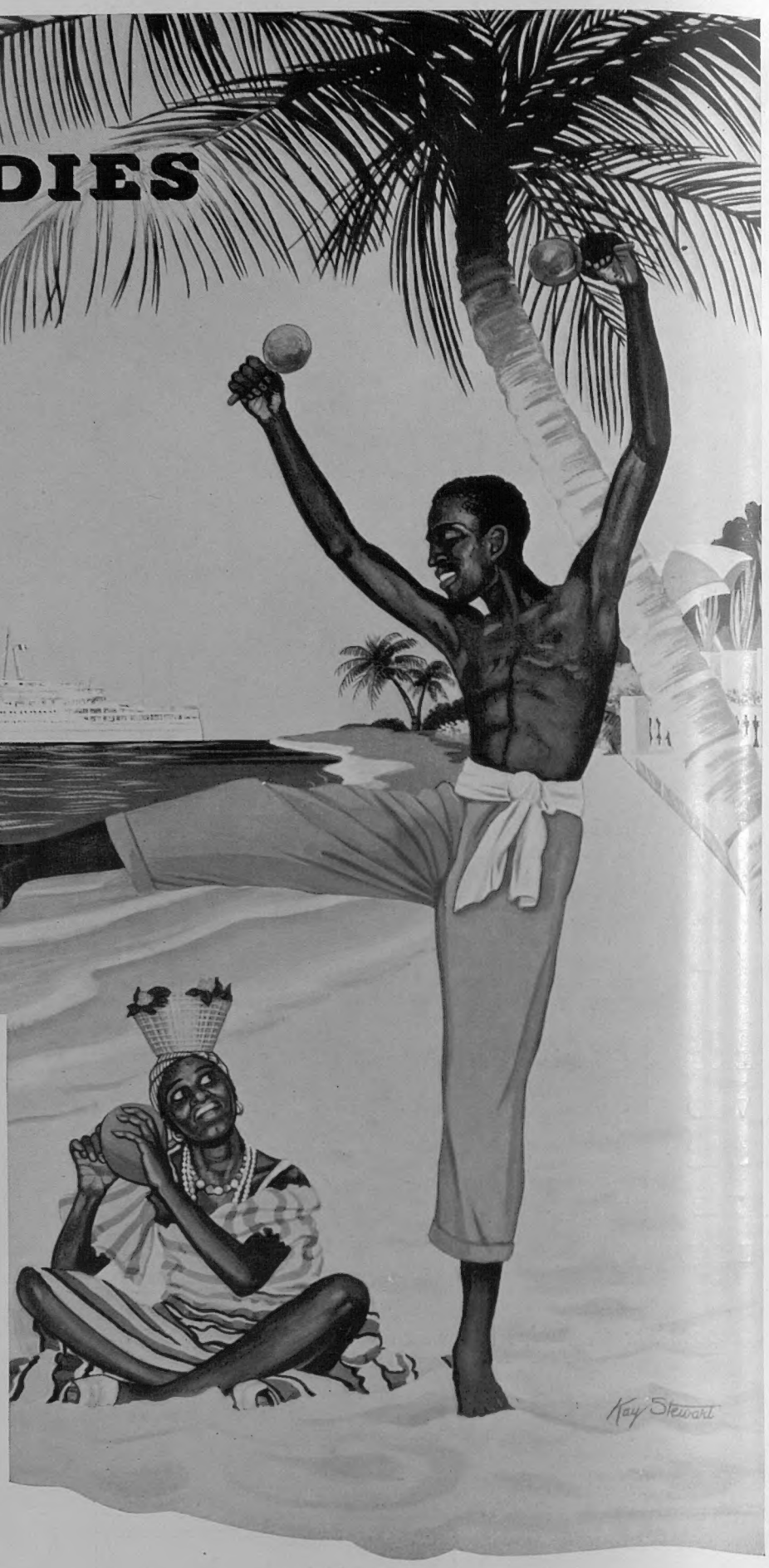

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3046

The SPHERE, London, August 16, 1958

The SPHERE

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IN SEARCH OF A SOLUTION FOR CYPRUS—MR. MACMILLAN AT THE AIRPORT OF ATHENS : With him is Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Prime Minister, who welcomed him to the Greek capital. The British Prime Minister spent two days in Athens and then flew to Ankara. There his talks with Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Premier, were shorter, and Mr. Macmillan returned by air to London via Cyprus early this week. He was accompanied throughout by Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus.

Before leaving London last week on his flights to Greece and Turkey, Mr. Macmillan said that he hoped to find a way to stop "all this horrible bloodshed and misery in Cyprus." That was the first thing needed for the island. In Athens he conferred with Mr. Karamanlis and Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister. Sir Hugh Foot, who took part in the talks, also had a meeting with Archbishop Makarios which the Governor of Cyprus declared was "certainly useful." Reports at the conclusion of the Prime Ministers' Conference were that Greece was pessimistic of a positive result but Britain more hopeful. In Ankara Mr. Macmillan and Sir Hugh spent until very late on Saturday night with Mr. Menderes and Mr. Zorglu, the Turkish Foreign Minister. Conversations were resumed throughout Sunday, but the meeting arranged for Monday morning was cancelled and Mr. Macmillan flew back to London. No official comment was forthcoming in Ankara. On his way home the Prime Minister caused a surprise by stopping briefly in Cyprus. (Further pictures from Athens and Ankara are on page 226 and pictures from Cyprus are on pages 234–5.)

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AFTER THE MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: At Cloutsham, near Minehead, the pack moves off watched by the large number of onlookers. It was reported that a crowd of several thousands gathered to see the arrival of the hounds with Colonel L. M. Murphy, master of the staghounds.

WATCHING THE STAGHUNT: Holidaymakers and farmers gather for the start of the opening mee Cloutsham. The League Against Cruel Sports announced later in the day that they successfully laid chemical trails which had confused the hounds. Colonel Murphy said that stag was found at eleven o'clock, but the hounds ran into a herd of hinds and were called

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

August 4.—They were judging giant gooseberries, parsnips, carrots and raspberries, home-made cakes, children's drawings and arrangements of flowers in vases, on our village recreation ground in 1958, just as they were in 1914. It was August Bank Holiday, the annual date for our flower show. Forty-four years have passed since that date became famous or infamous as the end of a civilisation and the beginning of mass-murder. The children's drawings have greatly improved, the flower arrangements are more artistic, the parsnips and carrots, and so on, are perhaps larger, thanks to chemical aids, than in 1914. We know more than we did in 1914, the end of the age of innocence. We did not then know or dream of what men were capable of doing in courage and endurance, in brutality and cruelty, in invention. We know now. It was still the world of Randolph Caldecott's drawings in August 1914. There appeared to be plenty of room for all. On our village green you could in 1958 almost imagine that there had been no change in his landscapes. The church tower and the cottage roofs still showed through the screen of trees which hid the new council houses and the new roads, and sometimes the sky was empty of planes. We were all better dressed, more appropriately and more gracefully. Otherwise there was very little to show on the green for four-and-a-half decades of evolution and progress. But in truth those parsnips and gooseberries might be judged to be the only relics of innocence on the green. The human element, young and old, know too much to be called innocent. Innocence went out for all but parsnips on August 4, forty-four years ago, and nothing can shock us now, nothing surprise us but the size and innocence of parsnips.

The Island of Love.—Cyprus, the island of the worshippers of the Goddess of Love (profane, no doubt), can sink no lower till it is submerged in its own bloodbath. To-day it is the island where murder as a fine art seems to have reached its apex, and still there is little sign that the appetite can sicken and so die, though the arch-murderers have decided to take a week's holiday. If the latest appeal by three governments, most closely concerned with the island and sharply opposed politically, imploring an end to such senseless barbarity, has any significance, it is in proof that *outside* the island at least the naked truth is becoming revealed. It is not only humanity which cries out for an end to bloodshed, it is bare sanity and common sense. In the world's eyes, these islanders, at bitter enmity within, are inviting the world to sympathise in their desire for political freedom, and responsibility, and all they can adduce in proof of their fitness is expertise in the foullest practices of beasts. Even the partisans of EOKA and its rival organisations must one day discover that the island is one and indivisible in the world's eyes in its record of infamy, and that a vendetta of murder can lead nowhere but to perpetuate the evil. And it seems to me that in its madness this small island is our modern world in microcosm.

Civilisation and Convention.—Just as no cultured society can exist without rules and conventions (even if absurd), so no world civilisation can exist without them. When nation speaks to nation in terms of hatred, suspicion, recrimination, with charge and counter-charge, there is no diplomacy but threat of force, and the smallest fry among the nations take their cue from the great. I don't know if any statesmen concerned with hopes for a Summit Conference sincerely believe that it could achieve anything to-day. The only preparation for it which could make it successful would be a universal, sudden and tardy realisation that Cyprus to-day reveals in microcosm the disease of our world. Men cannot be forced to love one another by Acts of Parliaments, but they can learn by bitter experience that only by concealing their hates and restraining their passions under a screen of rules and conventions, can any progress be made towards the achievement of their aims. Barbarism benefits none. Civilisation is built on conventional civilities. The rules and civilities, of course, must often be mere conventions while men are men; but in their final, inevitable downfalls, even the r ruthless criminals and barbarous dictators have fo that barbarism does not pay. Cavemen learned lesson—sooner perhaps than modern men—that lif caves was intolerable and sleep in caves impossibl they were to be for ever at the mercy of throat-slitters nocturnal food-stealers. That discovery was the d of civilisation and of the rule of law by convention; now again in abeyance.

The Whole Truth.—One man knows the wh truth about the present Middle East and world crisis. believes that the West can survive it only if all those w are in a responsible position have the facts in front them. I am one of those (he considers), and so he wr to me. He is prepared to sell the whole truth to me in weekly digest—cheap. You see, our newspapers h misled us with hopes of successful summit conferences change of heart in Russia, and so on. If we had intervened in Lebanon and Jordan, our oil supplies wo have now been in Russian hands. But the *real* reas for Western intervention lie far deeper than oil which i mere scum on the surface at the best of times. The wh truth will be given you and me in eight weekly instalme for £3 down. And cheap at the price, if you ask me. B first, we must convince ourselves that one man out scores of millions does know the whole truth, and th convince ourselves that when the responsible little minor of the world's population also knows the truth, it can it and act on it for the benefit of humanity. Such conv tions may be hard to achieve. Fifty years of experien has proved to me that sane minorities can never co-opera to save civilisation. Their still small voices whisper in wilderness. Moreover, the man who knows all the tru and can supply all the answers and a specific against wor suicide, must be a very big man indeed. Too big to f to peddling his pills at 7s. 6d. a box.

Short-cut to Wisdom.—There are those w whisper that even now, when she is bear-leader of Weste civilisation, America's statesmen have not attained experience of diplomacy built up by Britain and Fran and they sometimes wish that we in Britain cut more in Western world policy and decisions. Against that vie it may be argued that our long experience is not of mu service in dealing with what is called diplomacy to-d It is rather like asking a maker of wrist-watches to build bulldozer. All the same, I do sometimes wonder if have not been a little too ready to encourage the leade of newly-enfranchised nations within the Commonwea to assume that lack of political and diplomatic experien is no bar to world statesmanship. To be launched sudden into space as the head and spokesman of a new sovere nation is a heady draught and heads are easily turned even a polite and conventional show of deference. It perhaps a mistake to publicise as *vox dei* the pronoun ments and solutions of little men bestriding mushroom They would be better employed in studying how to gover and organise in particular and in little, before comi out to teach the world how to order itself. Dr. Nkrum for example, might be better advised to learn to wa before he enters the stadium among the record-holder But perhaps there is more than one who knows the wh truth and holds the sure cure.

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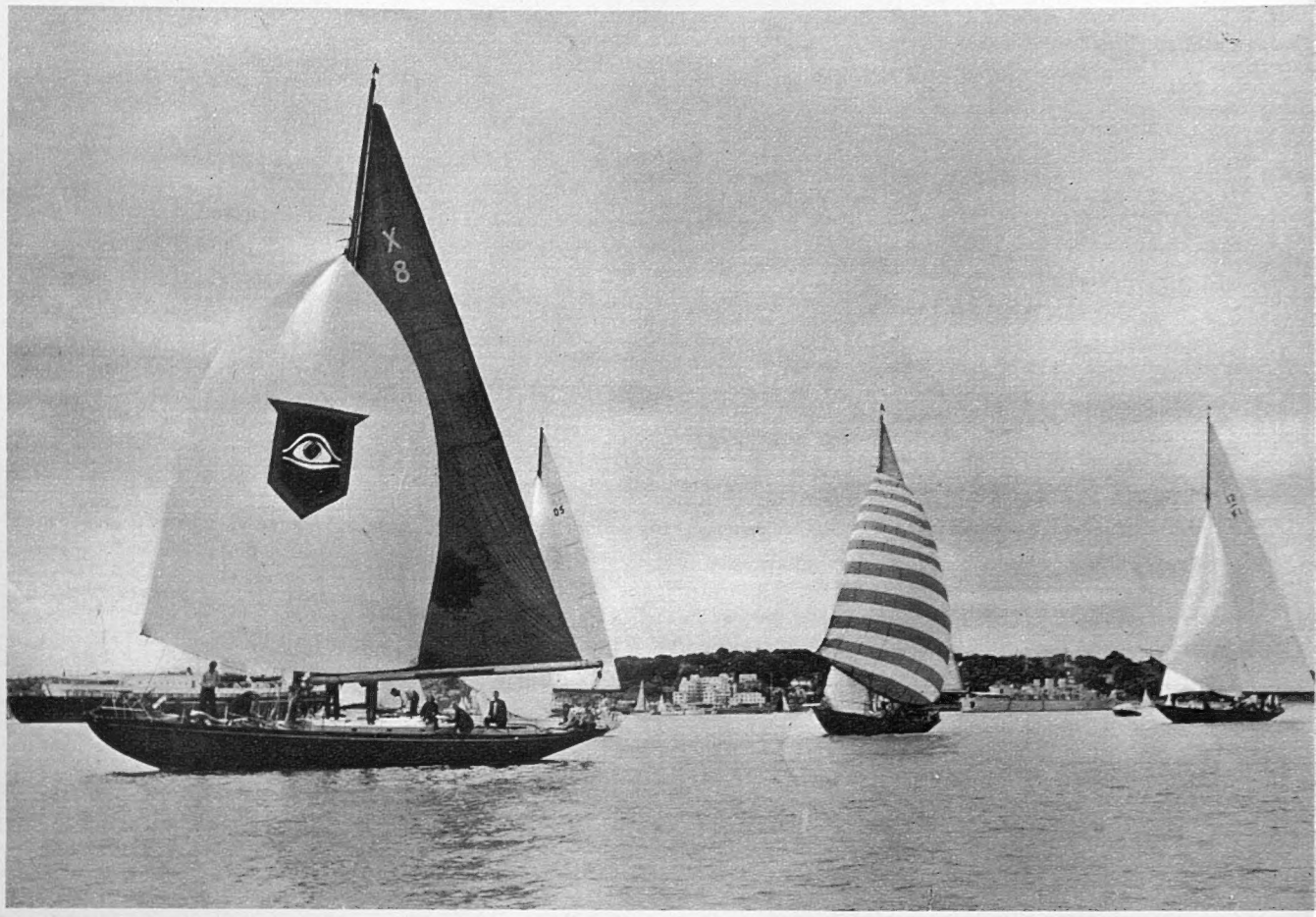
Muzzling the Press?—The rural Petty Sessional Bench—praise Heaven—is seldom called on to examine a murder charge or other grave indictable offence which is likely to prove of nationwide interest. What we have in that line is dull and sordid—" not worth a damn " as more than ephemeral and very local sensation; and in my own experience we have never failed to commit for trial. But any day we might be involved in a sensational murder in the first instance and accordingly take note of the Tucker recommendation as to the suppression of more than bare details of the Crown case until after trial at assizes or Central Criminal Court. It is true, of course, that the preliminary hearing before the magistrates usually gives only the case for the prosecution. The accused almost always reserves his defence and to that extent what is within the knowledge of the Press and the court is entirely one-sided. Lord Tucker's recommended compromise, however, does evoke criticism. For one thing, it waters down the strict maxim of our judicature that justice be *seen* to be done. If magistrates decide to sit *in camera* on a special occasion, the Press feels itself impugned, and there is always the danger that whispers may be more deadly than headlines. Juries also may be up-in-arms at an innuendo that they prejudge a trial by remembering sensational headlines. Lord Tucker's committee seems to admit (and many will agree with them) that the sensational Press on some such occasions have cashed in on sensation to the prejudice of the accused and that juries can hardly have failed to come to the box over-primed with the prosecution's case. The recommendation will, of course, be argued at length in Parliament and among lawyers and in the Press. If it come to the Statute Book, we must look to enjoy in the future even " duller " Sunday sensationals than at present. That may lead to the discovery of more worthy subjects for sensation. No harm in that.

Vicious Circle?—The work on the Birmingham section of the new north speedway is well worth inspection. It is for the contractors a race against contract-time, and night and day the task of stamping-out a great ribbon across the agricultural scene proceeds apace with giant engines ramping and excavating to provide the road foundations and innumerable bridges and fly-overs. The men who work those engines have no thought for 40-hour weeks. 80-hour weeks are nearer their notion and they receive their reward. While their share in the work lasts, they may well be earning at the rate of £2,000 a year, and more. They may be super-tax-payers *pro tem.* These facts and forecasts make their work of peculiar interest:—it is said that within a decade the traffic on our roads may be doubled. These bulldozer experts are earning enough to pick and choose among luxury cars for themselves, as they labour night and day to build a road to carry our multiplying traffic in comfort over a small part of our small island. It is not a case of *Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra, boves.* The very fruits of their labour ensure that the great autobahn will be out of date almost as soon as it is open. And when all the roads needed to carry our motor traffic are built, and our parks and open spaces curtailed to improve the traffic flow, perhaps we shall still have city museums for our recreation and enough farmland left to feed one-quarter of our population. The rest must be imported with the petrol. It may be trite to call it a Gilbertian situation. But Gilbert often hit the nail full on the head.



THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA AT COWES: With their large, gaily-coloured spinnakers billowing in the breeze, the yachts sail over the calm water, on the second day. In the Flying Fifteens, Prince Philip, with Uffa Fox as crew, retrieved a bad start to be placed second in *Coweslip*. The Prince of Wales was also at Cowes. (See further, page 254.)

Apologies to Little Rock.—I have been taken to task for underrating the importance of Little Rock, the capital city of the sovereign State of Arkansas, U.S.A.—not, indeed, for the political significance it enjoys to-day on account of its particular problem, but for its intrinsic importance as a State capital. " My dear man," writes my critic, " you can have no idea of the monumental quality of your ignorance." Let me say at once, and not for the first time, that I am very patchily educated and informed, and that geography was always one of my weakest subjects. To guard against that, I keep at hand an atlas and before writing about some area on the world's face, I consult it. I knew, before I wrote about Little Rock, that it stood in the centre of Arkansas and was the only city in the State accorded black-faced type on my map. But, " my dear woman," America is large and so is the world. And Little Rock, though the capital of a sovereign state in the U.S.A., is but a pin-prick on the world map and a pin-head in America (save, of course, for its particular problem to-day). Let us keep a sense of proportion, with all allowance for civic pride, even though Arkansas be thrice the size of Wales. I freely concede that England is but a pin-head on the world's map judged on acreage. Like Little Rock, it has its special political points of interest though geographically London is only a " one-horse burgh." " My dear woman," after these frank admissions, will you not take a less extreme view of my ignorance and charge up our quarrel to the obscurity of my prose style? It may be that we differ chiefly in our sense of proportion or sense of humour.

AT ANCHOR AT COWES: The tall masts of some of the yachts taking part in the races pattern the sky. On the fifth day of Cowes Week, the weather was almost perfect, with a moderate wind from the south-west and a smooth and docile Solent. One of the most successful yachts has been *Griffin II*, owned by Owen Aisher, with Stan Bishop, the professional skipper of Sceptre, on board. Sailing conditions during the week have on the average been the best for several years.

"Not" Ornamental Household Cavalry.

If only President Roosevelt
Knew how officers in the " Blues " felt,
He wouldn't be so rife
With his " strenuous life."

That was an Edwardian Clerihew appended to a drawing of a Horse Guards officer relaxing with a copy of the *Pink 'un* in the Knightsbridge mess-room; and Theodore, not Franklin, was the Roosevelt named. How different now! The Household Cavalry is far from ornamental. Two small mounted detachments from the Lifeguards and the " Blues " are all that remain in London for ceremonial use, and perhaps make up a single mounted troop. The " Blues " have been in Cyprus for some time, the Lifeguards are about to leave Windsor for a year's service in Aden—a very rare double absence in times of so-called peace. I wonder what regular troops remain to-day in Britain and what military unit could be formed from them if the barrel was scraped and the odds and ends amalgamated.

Workers' Play-time.—" God loves an idle rainbow no less than labouring seas." My diary of 1958 supplies proof of this quotation. Our Bank Holiday week-ends have hardly encouraged or recruited the health of the " workers." *Easter Saturday, April* 5, records: " Woke to heavy snow: foulest Easter Saturday ever." Easter day was not much better—slush. Easter Monday gave a strong and icy east wind. The *Whitsun holiday, May* 23-26, was a record of rain and gales and chill which only modified on Bank Holiday afternoon. The *August Bank Holidays* are fresh in memory—the days passed in conditions normal for an unfriendly October. Few people ventured upon summer recreations and the roads were comparatively empty. Our consolation was that it might have been much worse. Perhaps Christmas will bring us a brief taste of summer, last savoured in June 1957.

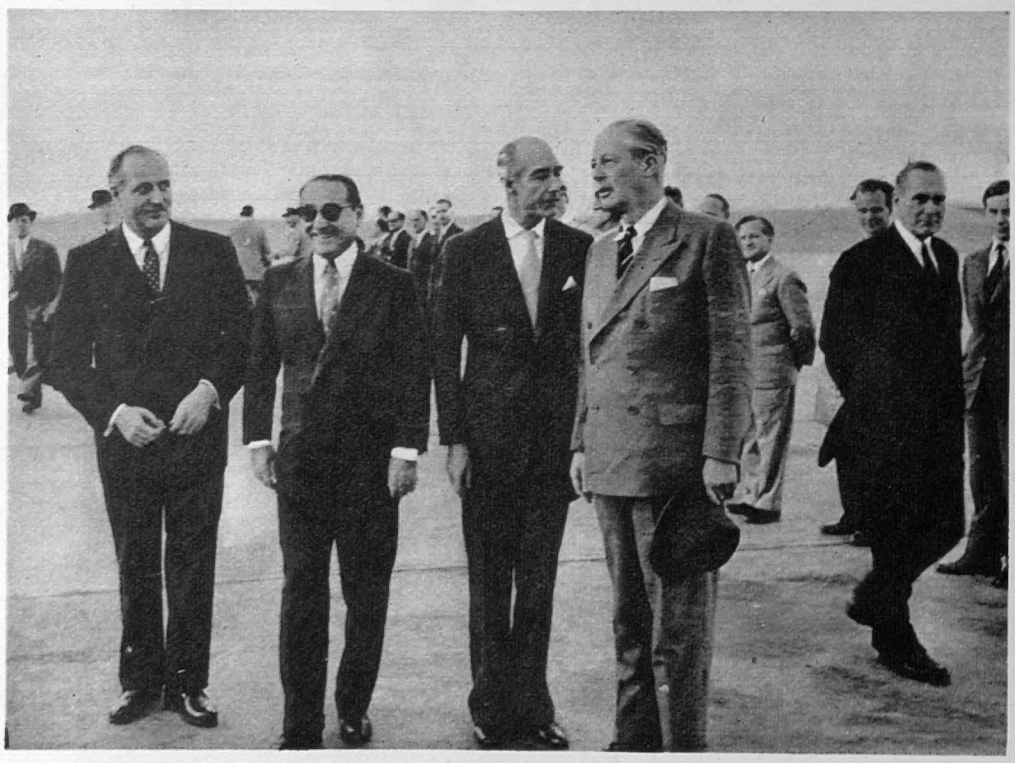
THE OLD STAGER

MR. MACMILLAN IN ATHENS AND ANKARA

Talks over Cyprus with the Greek and Turkish Premiers

AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE IN THE GREEK CAPITAL: At the first session of the Anglo-Greek talks Mr. Macmillan is on the left of the table, flanked by Sir Hugh Foot (beyond), the Governor of Cyprus, and Sir Roger Allen, the British Ambassador. In the group on the right side of the table Mr. Karamanlis (in light suit), the Greek Prime Minister, is in the centre. Beyond him is Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister. On his arrival at the airport in Athens, Mr. Macmillan had made a statement to the Press in which he said: "I trust our talks here may bring peace and hope to all people of Cyprus and make it a symbol of the peace we long for in the whole world." This theme underlay his conversations with the Greeks and later in Ankara with the Turks. It was understood that the British Premier hoped to secure Greek and Turkish agreement to modifications of his plan for Cyprus.

LEADING PARTICIPANTS IN THE ATHENS TALKS: Mr. Macmillan is with Mr. Karamanlis (right) and Mr. Averoff. A joint communiqué stated that their conversations "were useful," although it had to be said that the views of the two sides "did not altogether coincide."



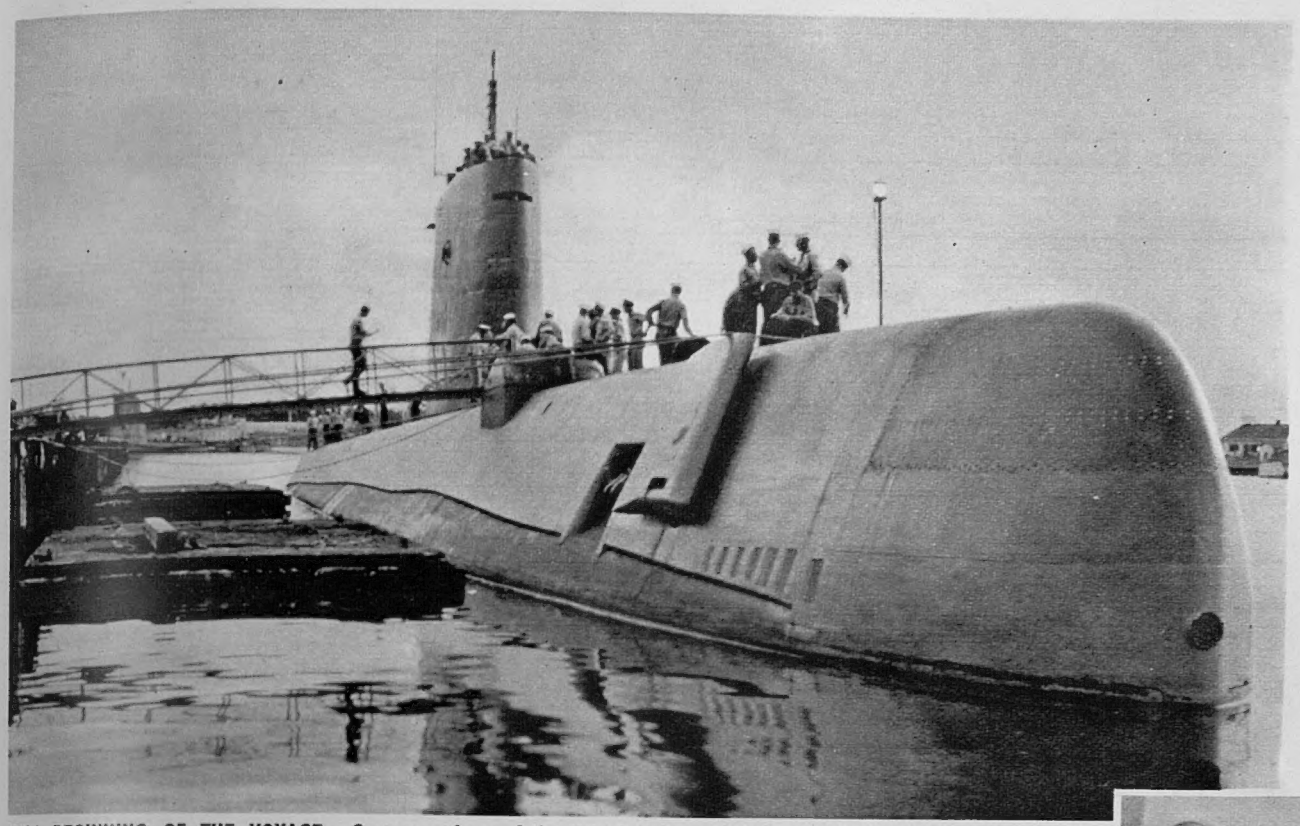
THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER'S ARRIVAL FOR CONVERSATIONS IN ANKARA: Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, is second from left. Sir Hugh Foot is on the right. While he was in Ankara, Mr. Macmillan went to lay a wreath on the tomb of Kemal Ataturk, the founder of modern Turkey.

THE GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS AND BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR TO GREECE: Sir Hugh Foot (left) is greeted at Athens by Sir Roger Allen. The former, besides attending the talks, saw Archbishop Makarios.

Under the North Pole

The Historic Voyage of the U.S. Submarine "Nautilus"— 1,830 Miles Beneath the Ice

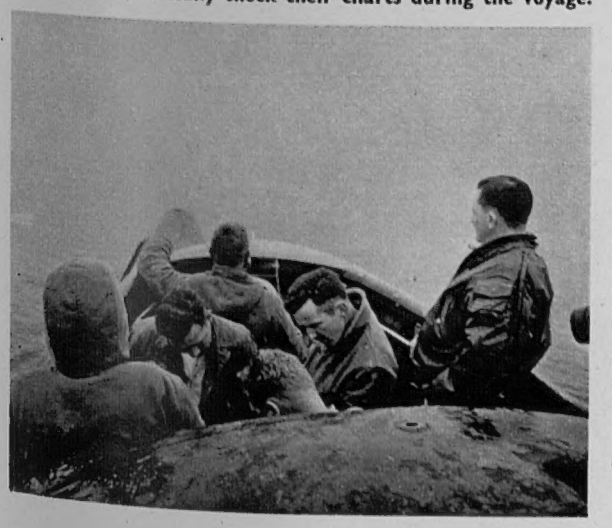
Hailed as a technical achievement comparable to the first Russian Sputnik, the voyage of the *Nautilus* under the North Pole is regarded as an astonishing feat of navigation. President Eisenhower's citation of the Captain, Commander Anderson, said, "Under his intrepid leadership, *Nautilus* pioneered a submerged sea-lane between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. This points the way for further exploration and possible use of this route by nuclear-powered submarines as a commercial seaway between the major oceans of the world." At the White House Commander W. R. Anderson was awarded the Legion of Merit, and a Presidential Unit Citation was awarded to the crew of the *Nautilus*.

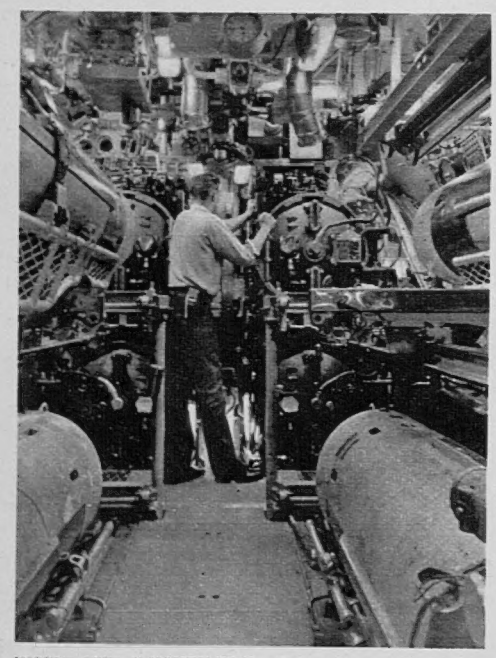


THE BEGINNING OF THE VOYAGE: Crew members of the U.S. Atomic submarine *Nautilus* prepare to get under way from Pearl Harbour on the historic journey under the North Pole. *On right*—In Washington, President Eisenhower decorates the submarine's captain, Commander W. R. Anderson, with the Legion of Merit. Left is the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, J. McCone. Commander Anderson flew to America from Iceland.

ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ICE: A sailor on the bridge sweeps the horizon as the submarine sets a course for the North Pole. *Nautilus* (2,980 tons) has a crew of 116 men.

ON BOARD THE SUBMARINE: Commander W. R. Anderson and Lieutenant S. M. Jenks (left), who is the navigator of the *Nautilus*, carefully check their charts during the voyage.





INSIDE THE "NAUTILUS": Torpedoman 3rd class D. L. Greenhill checks the torpedo tubes. This was described by the U.S. Navy as routine.

An idea of the distance covered by the atomic submarine and the speed at which she travelled under the ice-pack at the North Pole is given by the log of the *Nautilus*:

Departed Honolulu, 06.00 hours G.M.T., July 23.

Transited Bering Strait, July 29.

Went under Arctic pack off Point Barrow, Alaska, 12.37 hours G.M.T., August 1.

North Pole, 03.15 hours G.M.T., August 4.

Emerged from pack on Greenwich Meridian at 79 degs. North, 13.54 hours G.M.T., August 5.

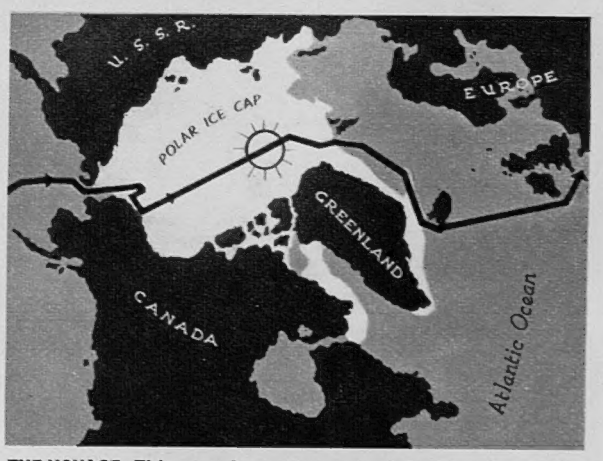
Commanding Officer transferred at sea to helicopter, 03.15 hours G.M.T., August 8.

C.O. departed Keflavik, Iceland, 03.45 hours G.M.T., August 8.

The distance from Honolulu to Portland Harbour, in Dorset, where the submarine was due to arrive last Tuesday, is 6,700 nautical miles; the normal passage is 9,500 miles. For most of the way, the *Nautilus* averaged nearly 20 knots. Under the ice-pack at Point Barrow a deep sea valley was discovered, ranging in depth from 300 to 1,200 ft., which was followed in the Arctic Sea Basin. Under the North Pole the depth, according to Commander Anderson, was 13,410 ft.—nearly 2,000 ft. deeper than had been expected. He said that during the trip it was possible to look through the periscope and see the ice going by overhead—" a fascinating sight." The *Nautilus* travelled 1,830 miles under the ice in 96 hours. During the first sixteen days of the voyage, she was submerged for 96 or 97 per cent. of the time. On board the vessel was special navigational equipment.

On left—

ON THE WAY TO THE POLE: Commander Anderson (right) and other members of the crew search for a suitable spot to submerge under the ice.



THE VOYAGE: This map shows the route of the *Nautilus* during Phase 2 of her voyage. The submarine submerged off Alaska and surfaced between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

IN LONDON: Commander Anderson on his way to rejoin *Nautilus* at Portland is greeted by the Senior U.S. Naval Officer in London, Rear-Admiral C. H. Duerfelt.

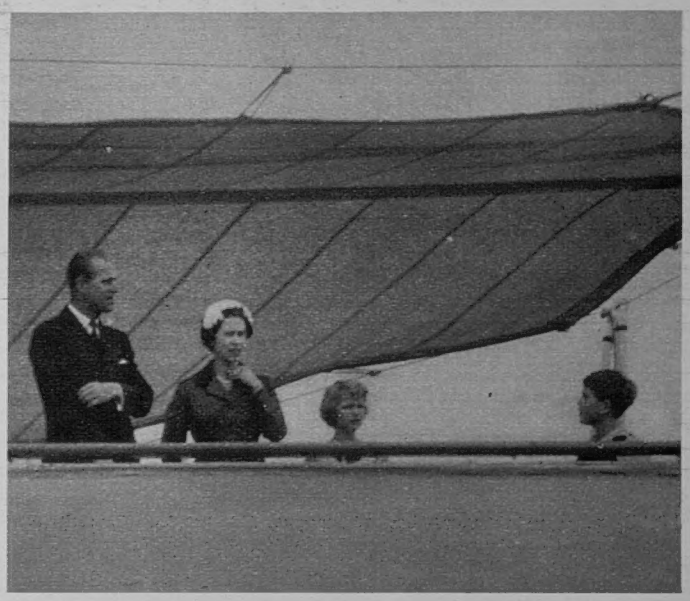
THE ROYAL FAMILY'S CRUISE

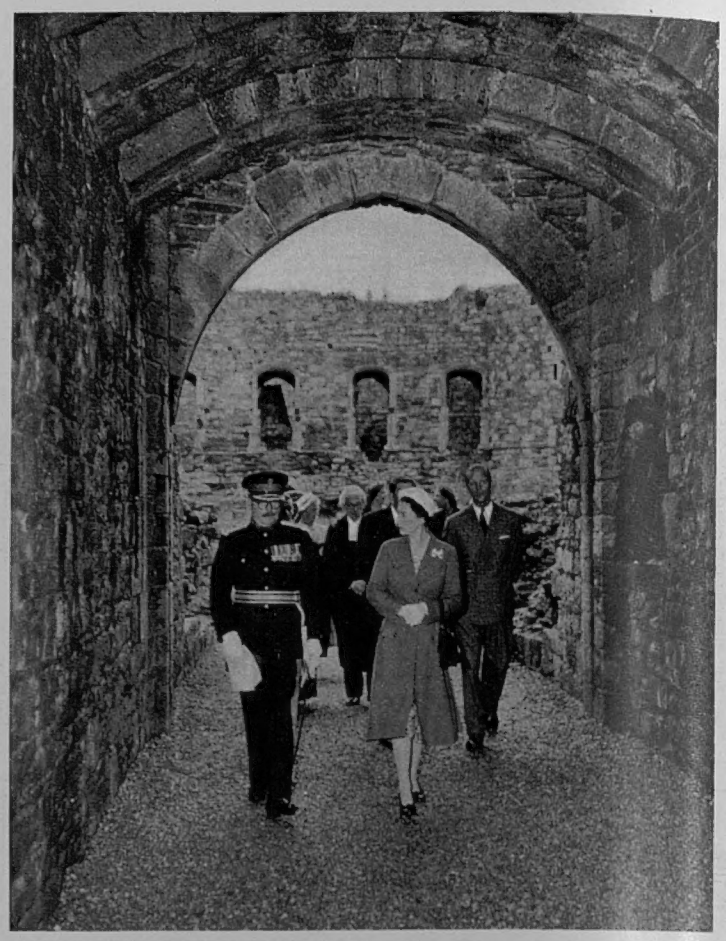
Many Varied Engagements are Being Carried Out During the Twelve-day Cruise to the Western Isles

THE START OF A ROYAL CRUISE: The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne stand on the promenade deck of the Royal yacht *Britannia* as she leaves Southampton at the start of the twelve-day cruise to the Western Isles. The first halt was when *Britannia* anchored unexpectedly a mile offshore on the western side of Falmouth Bay. The Royal Family cruised up the Helford River for a picnic on an unfrequented beach. At the week-end, the Prince of Wales made his first visit to the Principality since the Queen announced his new title. It was an unofficial visit. While his parents were making the first Royal tour of Anglesey this century, the Prince and his sister were landed from *Britannia* at Mackenzie Pier, Holyhead. They made their own tour in a police car, accompanied by Lord and Lady Mountbatten.

On right—

ON THE PROMENADE DECK: The Queen, Prince Philip and their children are looking out over the guardrail.





VISITING BEAUMARIS CASTLE: The Queen, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Her Majesty's Lieutenant for Anglesey, and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, walks underneath one of the arches of Beaumaris Castle, during the visit to Wales last week-end.

INSIDE AN ANCIENT COURT: At Beaumaris the Queen and Prince Philip enjoy a joke during their visit to the diminutive assize court dating from 1614. They also visited Edward I's castle.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG HIS PEOPLE FOR THE FIRST TIME: The Prince of Wales smiles in response to the cheers of the Welsh people as, with the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne he returns to the Mackenzie Pier, Holyhead, Anglesey, North Wales, to re-embark on the Royal yacht *Britannia*.

BEHIND BARS: From behind the bars in the ancient assize court at Beaumaris, in Anglesey, the Duke of Edinburgh surveys the general scene in the court house as he is joined by Her Majesty.

The News in Pictures

MR. DULLES IN BRAZIL : The United States Secretary of State is greeted at the airport of Rio de Janeiro by Senhor Negrao de Lima, the Foreign Minister of Brazil. In a prepared statement, Mr. Dulles said that he had come to the Brazilian capital for two days of talks on "the world situation, intra-American relations and our bilateral relations." Small groups of students were reported to have demonstrated against him with banners as he passed through the heavily guarded streets.

DECIDING TO SUMMON THE U.N. ASSEMBLY: Hands are raised round the table of the Security Council in New York in favour of a motion calling for an emergency session of the United Nations General Assembly to discuss the Middle East. The decision was unanimous. A figure of particular interest is Mr. Hashim Jawad, sitting with hand raised, fifth from left foreground. He is the representative of the Republic of Iraq, and his credentials had been declared in order at the beginning of the meeting. On the day following the General Assembly met to open its session. After some discussion, proceedings were adjourned until Wednesday last, when it was expected the full debate would be held.

RIVAL SPOKESMEN IN THE WORLD FORUM : Mr. Cabot Lodge (*left*), the American Representative, and Mr. Sobolev, of Russia, address the opening of the Emergency Session of the United Nations Assemby.

A ROYAL BANQUET FOR A ROYAL VISITOR IN TEHERAN: The Shah of Persia is seen with Sheikh Abdullah as-Salim As-Sabah, the ruler of Kuwait, before a dinner in the Saadabad Palace in Teheran in honour of the latter during his three-day visit to Persia. Also in the picture are, in the left foreground, Prince Gholam Reza, brother of the Shah, and Princess Shahnaz, the Shah's daughter, with her husband Ardeshir Zabedi behind her. On the right, next to the Sheikh, is Princess Fatimah, sister of the Shah, and beyond her Prince Abdul Reza, another brother of the Shah. It is announced that the Shah is to pay a state visit to London next year.

On left—

FIFTEEN DEAD IN AMERICAN TANKER BLAZE: Naval tugs and other craft pull away from the tanker *S. E. Graham* as smoke and flames pour from her at the mouth of Newport Harbour, Rhode Island. The *Graham* (1,500 tons) was bound for Providence with a cargo of 650,000 gallons of oil when she collided in a fog with another tanker, *Gulfoil* (10,340 tons), which was empty. Fire broke out almost immediately in the *S. E. Graham* and an explosion was heard in the *Gulfoil*. Rescue work and fire-fighting was impeded by blazing oil falling on the surrounding waters. Altogether at least fifteen lives were lost in the two ships. Five men were reported missing and thirty-five injured and taken to hospital.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE CLOSING SERVICE OF THE NINTH LAMBETH CONFERENCE : At Westminster Abbey the Archbishop of Canterbury walks in procession to the High Altar for the service of thanksgiving and celebration of Holy Communion at the end of the Conference. Before the arrival of the Archbishop more than 300 other Archbishops and Bishops of the Anglican Communion, who had been attending the Conference, also entered in procession. At the service Dr. Fisher was assisted by the Most Rev. M. H. Yashiro, Presiding Bishop of the Anglican Church in Japan (who read the Epistle), the Most Rev. W. F. Barfoot, Primate of All Canada (who read the Gospel), and Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster. The address was given by the Rt. Rev. H. K. Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Since the beginning of July the Bishops had been meeting at Lambeth Palace. The report of the Conference will be published on August 26.

" EXERCISE GUARDIAN " AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY: Regimental Sergeant-Major C. F. E. Crickmore, of the Grenadier Guards, aligns the generals for the group photograph taken during the annual conference for British, Commonwealth and Colonial Officers, held by Sir Gerald Templer, C.I.G.S. In the front from left are: Lieut.-General Sir A. J. H. Cassels; Major-General S. H. Brooke; General Sir Hugh C. Stockwell; Major-General S. Garlake; Vice-Admiral Sir Manley L. Power; Major-General P. P. Kumarmangalam (half-hidden to right of the Sergeant-Major); General Sir George W. E. J. Erskine; Sir Gilbert Laithwaite; General Sir Nevil C. D. Brownjohn; Lieut.-General A. R. Garrett; General Maxwell D. Taylor; Sir Gerald Templer; Julian Amery, M.P.; and Major-General C. E. Weir. Regimental Sergeant-Major Crickmore retires at the end of this year, after twenty-five years' service with the Grenadier Guards.

A SHATTERING WORLD RECORD FOR THE MILE: H. J. Elliott, of Australia, leads at the beginning of the last lap of the race at the Santry Stadium, in Dublin, in which he beat the existing world record to return the astonishing time of 3 mins. 54.5 secs. He is followed by M. Lincoln (Australia), Murray Halberg (New Zealand), and A. Thomas (Australia). In the race five runners all beat four minutes, Lincoln recording 3 mins. 55·9 secs., R. Delaney (Ireland) 3 mins. 57·5 secs., Murray Halberg 3 mins. 57·5 secs. (all beating the approved world record), and A. Thomas, who was fifth, taking 3 mins. 58·6 secs.

THE NEW CROWN BARD OF WALES: Mr. Llew Jones, of Llanbadarn Fawr, Aberystwyth, is proclaimed Crown Bard by the Rev. William Morris, the Archdruid, at the National Eisteddfod at Ebbw Vale. Mr. Jones, who is in charge of the private printing press at the National Library of Wales, wrote his winning poem in 196 lines instead of using up the permitted 350 lines. It was his ninth attempt to win the coveted Eisteddfod Crown.

U.S.A.F. BAND ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The Drum and Bugle Corps of the United States Air Force is stepping out while taking part in Beating Retreat on Horse Guards Parade. The American bandsmen were participating in this ceremony for the first time in Great Britain. Over 5,000 people watched them half-march, half-dance to swing music. With them to provide a guard was a detachment of the U.S. Marine Corps.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TROOPS ENTER MALTA: H.M.S. *Sheffield*, with men of the Royal Marine Commandos from Cyprus lined up on her deck, enters Valletta Grand Harbour. On the same day that the cruiser reached the harbour, Sir Robert Laycock, the Governor, arrived back by air from London.

THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA RETURNS TO THE ISLAND: Sir Robert Laycock (on left) is greeted by the Commissioner of Police, Vivian de Gray, on his arrival by air from London where he had had two months' discussions on the maintenance of employment and the situation resulting from the resignation of the Mintoff Government in April. Sir Robert's term of office was due to end on September 19, but the Queen has now approved an extension until next spring. He will continue to conduct the administration of the island but will consider relaxations of the state of emergency imposed after the April disturbances. It has been announced that the Royal Naval Dockyard at Malta is to be converted to a commercial yard. The South Wales shipbuilding firm of C. H. Bailey is to form a company to take over the dockyard on lease in 1959. The cost of the alterations will be £5,500,000. Representatives of all the Maltese political parties are to be invited to London in November for talks with the British Government on the constitutional future of the island.

U.S.S.R. NAVY DAY CELEBRATIONS: Sailors of the Russian Black Sea Fleet prepare to form up in star formation during an aquatic display in Sevastopol harbour on the occasion of Navy Day celebrations. On the water are floats decorated with motifs of rockets and satellites. Navy Day celebrations in Russia are observed annually on the last Sunday of July. They begin with a review in all major ports and establishments, including Leningrad, the main naval headquarters and headquarters of the Baltic Squadron; Vladivostock, headquarters of Far Eastern Fleet, and Sevastopol, headquarters of Black Sea Fleet.

On left—

THE PRIME MINISTER OF GHANA IN LONDON: Dr. Kwame Nkrumah leaves his London hotel for Buckingham Palace, where he was received in audience by the Queen. He had arrived in London for a five-day visit. Of his Government's views and proposals for solving the Middle East problem, Dr. Nkrumah said he believed that the United Nations should consider the possibility of putting into quarantine or neutralising the whole area of the Middle East, with the preservation of sovereignty being guaranteed. He added that the oil resources should be brought under some international arrangement. Concerning the proposal to make Ghana a republic, the Prime Minister said this was not a "rush" matter, although it was thought that some form of republic within the Commonwealth was the way to preserve the African character and mentality.

DRIVING NOSE TO TAIL IN THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX: From the front, the drivers are Stirling Moss, Tony Brooks, Harry Schell, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins. Although the race gained victory for Britain, it dealt a bitter and sad blow to the entire motor racing world when Peter Collins's Ferrari left the track in the eleventh lap of the fifteen-lap race on the Nurburgring and somersaulted. The young British driver was thrown out of the car and suffered fatal injuries. The race was won by Tony Brooks, driving a Vanwall.

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE CAUCASUS RETURN TO LONDON: Sir John Hunt, the centre of the three men in the foreground, and other members of the party, unload their cars at the Royal Geographical Society headquarters in London. The mountaineers had been climbing in the Caucasus Mountains, in Southern Russia, for five weeks. While in the Bezingi Glacier Sir John narrowly escaped with his life, when a bridge over a chasm gave way.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

CEYLON UNDER A STATE OF EMERGENCY: Soldiers with fixed bayonets patrol a street in Colombo. The state of emergency was proclaimed earlier this year when there were widespread inter-communal disturbances between the Sinhalese and Tamil-speaking sections of the population over the official language question. Campaigns of non-violence frequently ended in violence. Last week Parliament was guarded by a strong force of police when the Government's Tamil Language Bill was debated and passed. There had been threats by Buddhist monks to stage a protest march against the measure. The Bill allows Tamils to be educated in their own language and to use it in official correspondence. But the demand by the Tamils for full language equality with Sinhalese is not granted. At the start of the debate most of the Opposition members walked out. Mr. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister, said that he believed the Bill would solve the language problem in a short time. He alleged that his life had been threatend by his opponents.

"MOPPING-UP" OPERATIONS AGAINST THE REBELS IN INDONESIA: Government troops cross a river by a temporary bridge in central Sumatra. Behind them is part of the permanent bridge which had been blown up by rebels. Although the civil war on the island is generally regarded as finished, small pockets of rebel resistance are reported to be still causing trouble in the jungle and the Government forces are taking action to clear them out.

CATASTROPHIC FLOODS IN AUSTRIA: At Millstatt, a holiday resort in the Carinthia district of Austria, parts of the houses are torn away after the worst floods within memory. Two holiday-makers were drowned and a British tourist was reported to be missing in floods which swept the shores of the Millstatt and Ossiach lakes. The tourist, Mr. Edward Barton, was carried away in his car under tons of mud, rocks and debris. Another wave of water, caused by cloudbursts, struck a camping site by the lake at Pesenthein. It was reported that eight cars and twenty tents were swept away.

AFTER CLOUDBURSTS IN CARINTHIA: At the camping site at Pesenthein, attempts are made to move the huge boulders rolled down by the torrents of water.

On right—

THE CAUSE OF A DISPUTE BETWEEN WEST AND EAST BERLIN : The quadriga intended for the top of the Brandenburg Gate (seen in background) is inspected in the Pariser Platz in East Berlin. The statuary is to replace the quadriga destroyed in the war. Weighing 10 tons, the new group was cast in West Berlin and moved by agreement to the Communist side of the Gate. It was understood that it was to remain in the Pariser Platz until its formal hoisting on the Gate. But very soon the quadriga disappeared. The East Berlin authorities announced they had removed it to the old Royal stables in the Marx-Engels Platz. This action caused heated protests from West Berlin.

A GODDESS ON THE MOVE: Curious Berliners watch the figure of Victory for the quadriga for the top of the Brandenburg Gate being transported to the Pariser Platz.

World Affairs

CYPRUS—THE END OF THE ROAD

By JOHN CONNELL

ON a sunlit Saturday morning in April 1948, just a fortnight before the British Mandatory authority withdrew from Palestine, I called on the head of the C.I.D. in Jerusalem. Police headquarters were in a big, rambling, rather beautiful quadrangle, which looked a little as if a central Asiatic khan had been put through a process of sophistication and adornment by the architect of an Oxford college. It was called the Russian Compound. It was protected by a high triple fence of barbed-wire, by concrete road-blocks and platoons of armed policemen. In the middle of it there was—and still is—a bulbous, brightly-gilded Orthodox church; and to the left of the church there was—and still is—a tangled thicket of thorns, olive-trees and acacias. Behind the church and the thicket the land slopes steeply away towards a quarter of Jerusalem which, in 1948, was being hotly fought over by Arab irregulars and Haganah. Now, ten years later, since it is technically Israel territory, it is a populous but perilous no man's land, within pistol shot of the Jordan frontier.

Having persuaded the posses of police that I was a British author and not an emissary of Irgun Zvai Leumi, I came into the middle of the Compound. There were two or three armoured cars parked; there were several groups of young, grim-faced constables, all armed. Out of the building which I was about to enter (I ought to explain that I had been a serving soldier in Palestine for two years in World War II, and that the official whom I was going to see was an old friend) there emerged two Arabs of the humbler sort—I suspect *fellahin* from one of Jerusalem's outlying villages. They were moving at a shambling trot. Each was carrying a large, gleaming, brand-new English typewriter. They looked at the groups of police. They looked at me. They giggled as they ran, and—unimpeded by anybody—they disappeared into the thicket, and thence, I suppose, over the brow of the hill to an Arab quarter, where they would be able to dispose of what they had stolen.

My life has not been a particularly sheltered one, but never hitherto had I seen open looting going on in front of armed, alerted policemen. When my somewhat complicated business was accomplished, I told my friend what I had seen, and asked him—since I was an unexpected *revenant* from a happier, earlier epoch—why it had been allowed to happen.

"Well," he remarked a little bleakly, "two typewriters aren't worth the lives of two British police officers."

An hour or so later I saw the Acting Chief Secretary in an office in the vast, echoing, ghost-haunted hulk which I had known as the King David Hotel. He took the strongest exception to the entry permit which the Colonial Office in London had stamped on my passport forty-eight hours earlier, and told me that from his point of view I was an illegal immigrant. I was permitted, but hardly encouraged, by this sorely tried official to go on my way towards a flat in the prosperous quarter of Talbieh, which was the goal of the odd and mildly hazardous journey which I had undertaken. Since it housed my nine-year-old stepson, whom I thought I had come to rescue, there was a certain urgency about what I was doing.

As I neared the British military check-post which I had to pass before entering what was at that time virtually enemy territory, I encountered another old friend from former days, who was now the Attorney-General. He was carrying an armful of highly-confidential files which he had extracted from the wreckage of what had been the Government Printing Office. It was nearly noon and getting very hot. A battle (history has proved it to have been of some importance) was being fought in some suburbs to the south-west. This part of the city was empty, watchful and more than a little sinister.

"You 've come to a city filled with a lot of frightened people," said my friend. This was true of those parts of Jerusalem which were inhabited by Arabs and British. It was certainly not true of Jewish Jerusalem, as I discovered later during that busy morning.

I have recounted these experiences of mine because they seem to me strictly relevant to what has recently been happening in Cyprus. There are differences and there are similarities between the end in Palestine and the climax in Cyprus. The dominant and common factor is fear—fear induced by violence, which in its turn breeds more violence. In Palestine we, the British, precipitately and, as I believe, disgracefully abandoned our responsibilities; with a callousness which, even after all these years, deeply shocks me, we encouraged and assisted the breakdown of such order as society retained; and then we fled, hoping in our folly and injured pride that we had left ruin and chaos behind us. The Israelis were determined that, so far as they were concerned, our hopes should be dupes; and so they proved. But our ignoble behaviour then is a main cause of all our subsequent troubles in the Middle East. Terror has been shown to be the most valuable weapon against the British; if you use it vigorously enough, the British will quit. This is the harsh moral which has been drawn by ambitious politicians in the Middle East and by the gangs and the mobs that they lead.

IN A SUNLIT STREET IN NICOSIA: British troops, with their fingers on the triggers of their guns, move warily as they search for the killer of Sergeant Reginald Hammond. While out walking with his three-year-old son, Sergeant Hammond was shot in the back. The next day Lieut.-Colonel F. L. Collier was shot as he worked in his garden. Colonel Grivas, the leader of EOKA, later called for a six-day truce in the violence and Mr. Macmillan flew to Athens and then to Ankara for discussions on Cyprus.

But in Cyprus we have come to the end of the road. We neither want to, nor are we able to, retreat any more. We have determined to see our responsibilities through. The cost of this resolution has already proved to be heavy, and it may be heavier before the long-drawn-out emergency is over. It has been accompanied by blunders and follies. It is now obvious that the replacement of Field-Marshal Harding by Sir Hugh Foot was badly timed. Both are men of high courage and integrity. Lord Harding believed that he had a battle to win—a difficult and complex battle—and that he was in sight of winning it. If he had had a few more months, he could have proved the validity of his conviction.

Sir Hugh's task should have been that for which he is pre-eminently fitted: a post-war, a post-emergency task, of reconciliation and reconstruction. But because the battle was not over he has been compelled to finish it, to fight it out to the end just as Lord Harding would have had to do. But the intermediate period was extremely dangerous, and it has produced a crisis of terror not unlike that which occurred in Palestine ten years ago. Few situations, as I know from my own experience, can be nastier. There is an odour of fear which is peculiarly infectious; it slips by the biggest road-blocks, it seeps in at shuttered windows, it obeys no curfew. It forms no link between individuals and communities; it disintegrates them into whimpering, slavering animal packs. If a really frightened man has a gun or a cudgel, or if groups that are already fairly heavily armed and munitioned become thoroughly scared, they can be very ruthless and very dangerous indeed.

It must be difficult for even the most bigoted advocate of *enosis*, either in Cyprus or on the Greek mainland, to justify the clubbing to death of harmless old peasants in their fields or the manner and the means of the recent murders of several British soldiers. Revenge and retribution are impulses deeply rooted in the Greek character. But even the sternest application of the law of an eye for an eye hardly vindicates the actions of those who shoot down a man while he is out shopping with his small son and then stand jeering at the weeping child. Those who do these deeds are crazed by fear and hatred.

There is a ferocious irony in it all. Those Arabs who stole the typewriters in Police headquarters in Jerusalem on that spring morning ten years ago opened my eyes to it. Of course a couple of typewriters are not worth the lives of two young constables, if you are on the run. But to sustain an empire or a civilisation it is necessary that many young constables and many young soldiers be prepared to sacrifice their lives. There is a late poem of Lord Dunsany's, called *A Song in the Ruins*. It records the nightmare reflections of a politician troubled with influenza and haunted by the ghosts of the men who died for India:

They were side by side and touching, though born so far apart,
And with reproaches in their eyes that cut one to the heart.
The men that put down thuggee, the men that bridged the streams,
And built the roads of India, were worrying my dreams.
It was only influenza. I feel all right by day,
But by night I 'm always dreaming of an empire thrown away.

The process of throwing away an empire was watched by many who wanted to pick up the rich gobbets. As that pair of looting Arabs judged—and from their point of view judged accurately—the relative values of two typewriters and two British policemen, so those who would very much like to take over the empire which we did not want to hold have believed that any reluctance and tardiness in our going may be speeded up by fear and violence. Kill and mutilate a few British, they have said to themselves, and the popular Press in England will scream "Bring our boys home from this hell"; and soon there will be another rich, once orderly satrapy to loot.

In Cyprus, as I remarked in an article here not long ago, the demand for *enosis* has existed since the first British administration was established in the island. It was part of the ordinary pattern of Cypriot life. But when the Greek-speaking Cypriots, with their wicked and foolish counsellors and supporters in metropolitan Greece, pondered the examples of India in 1947, Palestine in 1948, Egypt in 1952 and 1954, when they saw those who had been nagged, harried and scared out of the Suez Canal Zone base arriving and preparing to set up its substitute in their own island, they concluded (wrongly, as it has proved) that what had been done elsewhere could, at comparatively small cost, be done in Cyprus. So in came Grivas, and in came the guns; and the British decided that the stand which they had not made anywhere else in ten years of the liquidation of an empire, they would have—not for imperialistic reasons, but for nakedly and belatedly recognised reasons of strategy—to make in Cyprus. But how much of the subsequent pain, bloodshed and bitterness would never have occurred, if those two Jerusalem *fellahin* had not been allowed to get away with their stolen typewriters?

BY AIR OVER BEIRUT: A helicopter carries an American Army jeep to an outpost in the hills round Beirut, in the Lebanon. Much heavy equipment has been landed for the U.S. troops in the area.

MIDDLE EAST AND CYPRUS

More Americans in Lebanon; Cyprus Under the Terror; Scenes in Bagdad and Amman

After a period of fruitless argument to the shape and timing of Summit Meeting on the situation in Middle East, Mr. Khrushchev's proposal calling for a special session the United Nations General Assembly was agreed upon, although with some reluctance, by Mr. Macmillan and President Eisenhower. In an atmosphere of stubborn charges and counter charges of direct and indirect aggression President Eisenhower agreed to the meeting if something constructive could be achieved. A Summit Meeting seemed to have receded into the background.

Following the recognition of the new Government of Iraq by three members of the Bagdad Pact, Great Britain and America also recognised the new regime. In Iraq, the Government appeared more concerned with internal policies than forming alliances with either the Bagdad Pact countries or the United Arab Republic.

General Chehab, the newly-elected Lebanese President, last week in a radio broadcast said that foremost among his country's national aims was "the withdrawal of foreign forces

LANDING IN THE LEBANON: An American tank comes ashore on the beach at Beirut. Seventy-two heavy Patton tanks were landed, and many more troops, bringing the number up to about 16,000.

MEETING IN BAGDAD: The American Special Envoy in the Middle East, Mr. Robert Murphy (left), talks to the new Premier of Iraq, Abdul Karim Kassem. Mr. Murphy stated that he had a cordial reception.

VISIT TO AMMAN AIRPORT: King Hussein (left foreground in the uniform of the Jordanian Air Force) looks at a selection of mortars. He was inspecting men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, stationed at the base of the airport. The airlift of supplies to Amman was resumed by U.S. aircraft last week after Israel had banned flights over its territory. British troops in Jordan have been supplied by air by American aircraft and British aircraft from Cyprus.

On left—

CONFERRING IN JORDAN: In the Royal Palace at Amman, Mr. Murphy, President Eisenhower's Special Envoy (centre), talks to King Hussein. On the left is Semir Rifai, the Prime Minister of Jordan. Mr. Murphy also paid visits to Israel and to Lebanon and later talked with President Nasser in Cairo.

AFTER AN AMBUSH IN CYPRUS: A soldier of the Middlesex Regiment searches an outdoor oven for hidden arms in the village of Troulli, near Larnaca. In a midnight ambush of a British Army lorry near the village, one Cypriot was shot dead and a British soldier wounded.

SEARCHING FOR GUNMEN: Men of the Middlesex Regiment stamp out a fire in a bamboo grove near Troulli. The fire broke out as the troops searched the grove for Cypriots involved in the ambush of a British Army lorry in the Larnaca district of Cyprus.

IN THE VILLAGE OF TROULLI: British soldiers search the houses for arms after the ambush. At the beginning of last week, Colonel Grivas announced a six-day truce after the wave of violence which had swept the island of Cyprus, and included the murders of two British soldiers.

ON FIRE IN NICOSIA: Firemen pump water on to a blaze in a Greek-owned shop in the Turkish quarter. Many Greek shops were set alight.

When Cyprus had suffered several days of almost unparalleled violence, during which two British soldiers were shot in the back, many Greek and Turkish Cypriots killed or wounded, and innumerable buildings set on fire, an attempt to save the situation was made by the Prime Ministers of Britain, Greece and Turkey, who all appealed for an end to the atrocities. At the beginning of last week at the close of a day in which six persons were killed, Colonel Grivas, the leader of EOKA, called for a six-day truce, ordering the suspension of operations against British troops and the Turks. More than 2,000 troops at the time of Colonel Grivas's announcement were engaged in a large-scale operation in East Cyprus against EOKA.

Mr. Macmillan flew to Athens on Thursday of last week for talks with Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Prime Minister, and to Ankara to see Mr. Menderes.

AT THE FUNERAL OF A BRITISH SOLDIER: Troops fire a rifle salute during the burial of Sergeant Reginald Hammond at Waynes Keep Military Cemetery on August Bank Holiday Monday. While he was out shopping with his small son, Sergeant Hammond was shot in the back.

AFTER THE MURDER IN NICOSIA: Troops search passengers and their car during investigations following the death of Sergeant Hammond. An immediate curfew on the area was imposed. The following day, Lieutenant-Colonel F. L. Collier was killed.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT: Parts of Holland House, in Kensington, London, badly damaged during the war, are being restored to form a Youth Hostel, which, with additional modern buildings, will provide accommodation for about 200 people.

HOLLAND HOUSE TO BECOME A YOUTH HOSTEL

The Famous Jacobean Mansion in Kensington is Being Restored

The historic, seventeenth-century Holland House, standing in its own grounds in Kensington, was badly damaged by bombs during the war. In a report submitted to the London County Council shortly after it took possession, it was stated that "the centre block of the main building is roofless and almost derelict internally. The south front might be fairly sound up to the middle of the first floor and is capable of restoration. The east wing is roofed, though much lead has been removed and water has got in. The west block is roofless and very badly affected by dry-rot, making restoration difficult and costly." During the centuries since it was built in 1607, the load-bearing walls, which, as was not unusual at the time, had been built without foundations, were weakened by alterations and additions. Many of the principal cross walls lost much of their value as internal supports through being pierced by additional doorways.

After the damage the house stood open to the weather, and cracks ran down the walls in some places to ground-floor level. Thus, late in 1952, the Council was compelled to accept the position that little of the building could be preserved except at undue expenditure of public funds. It appeared possible to preserve the arcades and the centre piece of the south front and the ground floor of the east wing at a cost of £15,000. Unfortunately, further deterioration was found in the east wing and it was not until the Youth Hostels Association submitted a proposal to turn this part into a hostel that plans could be made to save the east wing. To-day this is being restored and additional modern buildings erected to provide 200 beds for overseas visitors.

Holland House was built originally for Sir Walter Cope, purchaser of the manors into which the original manor of Kensington was sub-divided. The wings and arcades were added later for the husband of his daughter, Sir Henry Rich, who became the Earl of Holland. During the eighteenth century under the third Lord Holland, the house became the chief salon of the Whig aristocracy. Byron, Wilberforce and Talleyrand were among the number of brilliant men to be met there.

THE EAST WING: This part of Holland House is being restored. Scaffolding covers the frontage, surmounted by the stone facings of the turrets. Thieves removed much of the lead from the roof, causing deterioration to the fabric.

Lord Macaulay, gloomy and prophetic, wrote in 1841: "The time is coming when, perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and the terrace, the busts and paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that feminine grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room." Through the devastation of war how nearly true this epitaph has become. Fortunately, to-day it is still possible to see some of the grandeur that was Holland House.

NEW BUILDINGS AT HOLLAND HOUSE: This modern block at the East Wing will house ninety beds. At one time it was feared that it would not be possible to save the East Wing, but the Youth Hostels Association proposed that they should take it over to increase their hostel accommodation. Funds were expected from the King George VI Memorial Fund and from other sources. In 1940 an oil-bomb and incendiaries caused a considerable amount of damage to the roof and interior.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW B.B.C. TELEVISION CENTRE IN WEST LONDON : In this aerial view, taken by Aerofilms Limited, the camera looks down on the vast site at White City which covers an area of thirteen acres. Running into the picture at the bottom right-hand side is the Metropolitan Line. In the background is the White City Stadium. The centre will comprise the biggest television headquarters in Europe. It is costing £9,000,000 and is expected to be brought into use in 1960.

LONDON'S "TELEVISION CITY"

The B.B.C.'s New Television Centre, at White City, in West London, is Destined to Become the Largest T.V. Headquarters in Europe

More than 700 men are at present engaged on the building of "Television City," the British Broadcasting Corporation's new television centre, which is now in an advanced stage of construction on a site covering an area of thirteen acres at the White City. When the vast project has been completed, at a cost estimated to be somewhere in the region of £9,000,000, the television centre will become the largest television headquarters in Europe. Although delays in the initial stages of the building programme caused considerable concern, they have enabled designers and other experts to keep up to date with the latest developments and requirements in the technical and entertainment field.

When the new centre is fully operational the studio and lighting equipment will be such that it can be readily adapted for colour television. The building plans were first drawn up in 1949 but they have been considerably modified since then. Television Centre, on the old White City site, is a vast skeleton of steel and concrete, now framed to roof-level. The main block is a circular building covering twice the area of St. Paul's Cathedral. The inner ring, enclosed by seven storeys rising to a height of about 90 ft., will enclose a landscaped garden about the size of London's Piccadilly Circus. Among the many features planned for the garden are a fountain with sculpture in the centre. There will be seven studios and several hundred offices, a scenery block (which is now in service, providing most of the sets used at Lime Grove and Riverside), a restaurant building, a works section and a spur running from the main block. Four of the seven studios will each be larger than any television studio now in use in Britain.

The largest of these will incorporate a pit which could be used for programmes of an aquatic nature. The floor to fit over the pit is being strengthened so that it could carry double-decker buses and "a line of elephants each with its forelegs resting on the hindquarters of the one in front." All seven studios will have their own air-conditioning plant.

In the basement are dressing-rooms for about 550 artists. These rooms are all arranged around or under the central wing. One of the "star" dressing-rooms has a private bathroom, lounge, easy chairs, handsome decor and mirrors. The material being used in the construction of the main block, which is to be brought into use in stages, starting early in 1960, includes 8,000,000 bricks, 55,000 tons of concrete and 4,300 tons of steel.

PANORAMA OF THE CAPITAL OF FRANCE: The picture was taken from a helicopter as it flew above the heliport at Issy Les Moulineaux (right foreground). The factory on the side of the airfield is one of the many commercial plants in this industrial district. Looking along the River Seine to the centre of Paris the bridges are Pont d'Auteuil ; Pont Mirabeau ; Pont Grenelle (at near end of the Allée des Cygnes, which divides the river into two channels) ; Pont de Passy (at far end of the Allée des Cygnes) ; and Pont d'Iéna. To the right of the last bridge is the Eiffel Tower, and in the far right background, the domes and spires of the Church of Sacré Cœur, on Montmartre, can be seen. Looking to the left from the Pont d'Iéna is the semi-circular building of the Palais Chaillot, where the French Parliament meets, and a little further to the left the broad Avenue Kléber leads to the Arc de Triomphe. Towards the left background is part of the Bois de Boulogne.

On left—

A PUBLIC PARK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS: The grounds of the Chateau de Sceaux, to the south of the capital, are a favourite resort for Parisians. The rows of poplars on each side of the lake are one of the features. The original chateau was built by Colbert and later became the property of the Duc du Maine, son of Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon. In the eighteenth century it was the scene of many famous fêtes. In the Revolution it was very fiercely attacked and the chateau was destroyed.

NEW PICTURES FROM PARIS

Old and New Landmarks in the French Capital as Seen from a Helicopter

HELICOPTERS on the Brussels-Paris service must follow the course of the River Seine to reach the heliport at Issy Les Moulineaux, in the French capital. Recently it was proposed to start another Parisian helicopter service to carry passengers between the city's two airports of Orly and Le Bourget. However, it seems that there is a city ordnance forbidding scheduled helicopter flights over Paris, other than above the Seine, so the future of this scheme must remain in doubt. The pictures on these pages were taken on a trial flight on the Orly-Le Bourget run, and provide views which are rare.

In whatever way one approaches Paris, and wherever one is in its *arrondissements*, there are two focal points for which the visitor looks. One is the Eiffel Tower, on the South Bank, and the other is the Church of Sacré Cœur, on the height of Montmartre to the north of the river. The Tower takes its name from the mathematician who designed and built it on the basis of an equation worked out by him. It was completed in 1889 and, 984 ft. in height, it remains to-day the loftiest building in Europe. Often it is regarded as the symbol of Paris. Yet few Parisians take the trip up to the top to enjoy the view.

EXPANSION AND RESTRICTION: The road running from the centre foreground is part of the highway being built from Orly Airport (in the background) to the centre of Paris. *On left*—The grim buildings in the centre form Frésnes prison, situated near Orly.

A REMARKABLE NEW BUILDING IN THE NORTH-WEST OF PARIS: The construction which looks like an inverted shell in the centre of the picture is the Exhibition Hall at the Rond Point de la Défense, in Puteaux. Its huge single-span roof is one of the largest of its type in the world. It rests on three corner foundations and no pillars hold it up inside. The broad, tree-lined thoroughfare running to the right foreground eventually reaches the Avenue de la Grand Armée which leads to the Arc de Triomphe.

The Church of Sacré Cœur is an unmistakable landmark, with its gleaming white walls, domes and spires. Hundreds of pilgrims go annually to pray there, for it is on the alleged site of the martyrdom of St. Denis, the Patron Saint of France. But the present church is of even later date than the Eiffel Tower, having been built between 1870 and 1914.

From these two features—the Tower and the church—one can orientate oneself, as it were, to almost any point in Paris. For instance, on the South Bank one can find one's way to the tomb of Napoleon I in the Invalides, to the Luxembourg Gardens, to the cafés of the Boulevard St. Michel and the surrounding artists' quarter, and, for the politically-minded, to the Quai d'Orsay. Between the South and the North Banks, in the centre of the river on the Ile de la Cité, are some of the oldest parts of Paris, dominated by the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. Then, to the north, below Montmartre, the other artists' quarter, are such famous monuments and buildings as the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Opera and the Arc de Triomphe, from which fan out some of the finest of the boulevards.

But it is probably only from a slowly-moving helicopter that one can obtain in a brief time an idea of the wide spread of the city. Broad and narrow streets run past world-renowned buildings of many periods, the panorama being broken by patches of green representing parks and, of course, in the west the long sweep of the Bois de Boulogne. Along the river there are numerous bridges—the Seine is far more plentifully supplied with bridges than the Thames in London and many of them are splendid structures. On the outskirts of Paris are the clusters of chimneys and the long roofs of factories in the ever-growing industrial districts, and there are also many modern-style buildings, such as the Exhibition Hall at the Rond Point de la Défense, in Puteaux.

THE MONTH OF CHANGES

August, Named After the First Roman Emperor, Marks the Beginning of Seasonal Changes Throughout the Countryside

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AUGUST brings within the shortest period the greatest change in all the year. The gardens alone are sufficient to show even the most unobservant the magnitude of the change that occurs during the month. Leave a garden in the first week of August, return to it at the end of the month, and notice the difference—change of colour and luxuriance. The lawn, it is true, is no longer fully green and may well look bedraggled, but the apples are reddening and the gaps in the herbaceous borders have disappeared. Asters and dahlias, kniphofia and phlox and marigolds, rudbeckia and verbena and zinnia: there is profusion now.

In the countryside there is the same wealth. No crop has so much of beauty as that of wheat. The height and bulk of a clean, ripe crop; the matchless yellow of its straw; the golds and the chocolates and the browns of its surface as it moves, responsive to the smallest breath of breeze—there is nothing to equal this in all the countryside through all the year. To lie on a down and look at the dark woods of August, at the light fields of corn, at the packed sheaves, discipline in disarray—that, to me, is England. England without wheat harvest is unimaginable.

A PATTERN OF CORN: In Hertfordshire, not far from the village of Wheathampstead, the camera looks down on a field of wheat where a combine harvester is at work. In his article, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald writes: "... No crop has so much of beauty as that of wheat." August, the time of harvest, is the month that marks the beginning of the third season of the year.

There are differences in sounds, too. The hum of the thresher, rising and falling in rhythm, as the burr of the nightjar on an evening of midsummer. That is delightfully drowsy music in the sunshine. If we may no longer hear the sweet swish of the scythe in dewy meadow grass, we may be thankful for the hum of the thresher. Even the clank and rattle of an elevator at the stack-side is melody in the sunshine when heard from a distance.

Yet harvest is not quite so melodious as it was once. I miss—the more sorely, I think, the older I get—the slow creak of the horse-teams and the deep voices of the carters. Their slow, broad speech matched the movement of their horses. There was a bond between man and beast that is wholly lacking between man and machine. It may be imagination, but the voices of the modern motor-drivers are sharper, more easily given to petulant or blasphemous reproach. It is obviously difficult to speak gently to a recalcitrant tractor. Imagination or not, there cannot be any doubt that some of the dignity of harvest has departed with the horse. Everything seems to be, and is, more rushed.

Of course, there was always need for haste and the need to work while the weather held (for the weather then was no more predictable than it is now); but there was never a rush. For then it was manual work, done with the patient dignity of endurance. It looked slow—and it was slow—compared with the power-driven machine. The saving in time and labour has been enormous (though there have been losses in other directions which are less easily recognised), but previously it was done and done thoroughly.

But sounds. Perhaps the most characteristic avian sound of August is the meditative cadence of the robin's autumn song with its hint of melancholy, regret for love-making past. Round the chimneys, and low over the lawn, and dipping at the stream's edge, the company of swallows joined in with that special twittering that heralds the great journey south. Swallows nest, for the most part, on rafters in barns, sheds and outhouses, and, in one or two districts, in chimney-stacks. I have never found a swallow's nest other than on a rafter inside a building, but a few do nest in caves and very rarely they will nest on the branches of trees. Broadly speaking, it would be true to say that the swallow is a bird associated with cultivated country and human habitations. I wonder what swallows did before England was highly farmed and heavily built over? I wonder if they followed agricultural man to England? And I wonder why they are not more common than they are. In my part of the country, at any rate, swallows are much less common now than they were twenty years ago.

House-martins, on the other hand, seem to have increased in numbers considerably. Both are insect-eaters, taking insects on the wing. The chief differences in habit are that the house-martin nests outside buildings, underneath the eaves, and is much more of a town-dweller. That would, perhaps, serve to account for the increase in their numbers, but it would not account for the decrease in the numbers of swallows. Can it be that there are now fewer insects on the wing over cultivated land?

It is the swallows that tell us of the birds that have gone. Their twitterings from telegraph wires brings to mind the cuckoo and the call of spring. It is only in some such way that we realise fully when our summer visitors have departed. We do not see them go; but we know they have gone because they are not to be seen or heard.

There is one bird in August we may see go. Early in the month it will be and on a fine day. We look up and there in the sky, high, high up, is a great company, circling and wheeling. At first it is not easy to realise that the swifts are travelling. But the sky was empty and soon it will be empty again. There is purpose in that ceaseless wheeling.

For me the rook is the bird of August, and particularly of August evenings. This is because the rooks fly over my house to a great roost some six miles further south and they begin to do so in August. Now, they go to bed pretty late, but the hour gets earlier as the year draws to its close, so that in December they pass over the house, in hundreds, just about tea-time. Always there is one solitary rook a few minutes ahead of the others. Then they come in parties, at first perhaps half a dozen birds, the parties getting larger as the hour advances. As they pass over they call to each other, so that for the time of their passage the air is filled with sound.

At the roost itself, especially in August, there is a wild unrest about them which is most thrilling. I like standing beneath the roost at sundown, listening to the chatter and watching the wing-play. There is such a variety of sound and so much movement as some settle, some seek a fresh perch and others float on high awaiting their turn. There are always a few late-comers from the fields who are greeted with as shrill a protest as a wayward husband creeping late up the stairs. Occasionally, there is a movement from the main body to some other trees removed a little distance. (Yet I do not think that these trees are ever actually used as a roost for the night: I think that this is just a sort of last flight before bed-time by the more energetic members of the community.) Always there is a patterned flight, similar in many ways to the flight of starlings from roost but never so ordered. The rook seems cumbrous on the wing until you watch him closely. Then it is apparent he is a bird of ease and grace, having a complete mastery of the air. He can float, dive, soar and sail as easily (almost) as such masters of the air as the buzzard, and with a minimum of effort. There may be half an hour during which I can watch all this and listen to the conversation of the birds—I wonder how many different sounds a rook can make?—half an hour between the arrival of the first birds and the last subdued caw of good-night. Sometimes it is closer dark than dusk when that happens.

The greatest of all the changes brought by August—that without which the month is really nothing in particular, except the month of harvest—is in the light. It is first noticeable in mid-month: the country bleached, the air above the stubble fields shimmering, the downs blue in that peculiar smoky glare that is August sunlight. You notice it, too, in the fields of the valley. The sun rides lower in the sky. The shadows lengthen, are set at new angles. Colour is altered. Space and form are different. In two short weeks we have moved from summer into autumn. The robin, on the garden fence, was telling us so two weeks ago, of course. But we did not believe him then.

THE BEST-KEPT VILLAGES IN KENT: ***Left*****—A local resident pushes a lawn-mower along one of the grass verges in the village of Denton, near Canterbury. The village took the first award in a competition, organised by the Committee for the Preservation of Rural Kent, to find the best-kept village in the county.** ***Right*****—The view is of the village of Leigh, near Tonbridge, which took second place in the competition, the first of its kind to be held in the county.** The prize-winning village is exceptionally picturesque and has some good half-timbered buildings. The church, secluded among woodland, is a notable feature. About two miles from Denton is Tappington-Everard, a house of Jacobean date, where Richard Barham wrote *The Ingoldsby Legends*. It has a singularly fine staircase. Leigh, pronounced Lie, is a pleasant village with a green and trim cottages. Hall Place is a large Elizabethan house of red brick with some stone dressings, surrounded by a beautiful wooded park of about 200 acres. The organisers of the competition awarded marks for such amenities as a well-kept village hall, school, war memorial, churchyard and playing field, as well as taking into account the tidiness and trimness of front gardens. Seventy-one entries were received, but four withdrew. At the Kent County Show at Maidstone a weather vane was presented to a representative of the prize-winning village.

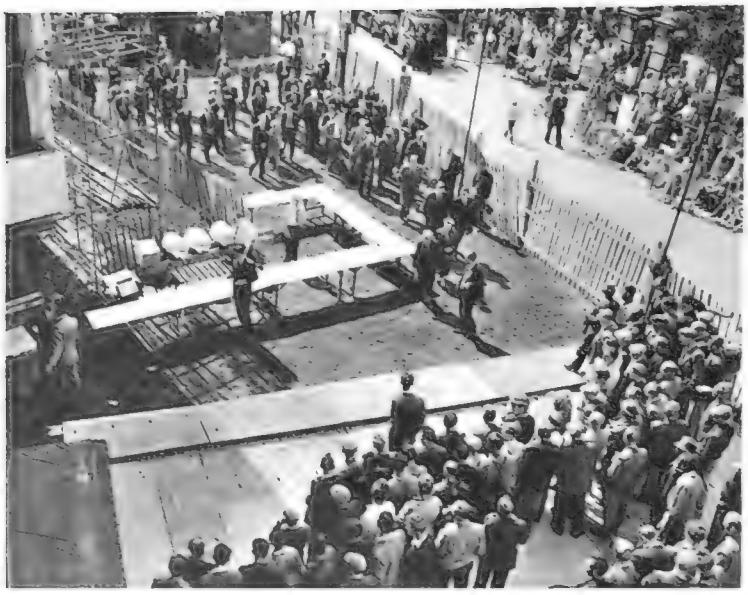
BRITAIN'S BEST-KEPT VILLAGES AND LOCK

Pictures of Prize-winning Villages in Kent and Gloucestershire; and a Double Award for a Thames Lock-keeper

On left—

THE BEST-KEPT LOCK-GARDEN ON THE RIVER THAMES: Mr. A. C. Baldwin, keeper of Bray Lock, in Berkshire, operates the sluice gates of the lock through which hundreds of craft of many types pass in the course of a year. In the background is the garden which has gained him first prize, the Sir Reginald Hanson Challenge Cup, for the best-kept lock-garden on the River Thames. Mr. Baldwin, who has been in charge of Bray Lock since 1941, won the competition in 1950 and 1955. Not only was he this year's outright winner, but also the winner of the section competition, the lock being situated in the Teddington to Bray section. The award was instituted in 1904.

THE BEST-KEPT VILLAGES IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: ***Left*****—The view is of one of the roads passing through the village of Coates, which has been awarded the trophy for the best-kept small village.** ***Right*****—Children play in the street at Minchinhampton, near Stroud, which heads the awards given to the larger villages. Both Coates and Minchinhampton were competing in the Bledisloe Cup Competition.** Coates, lying between the Stroud and Tetbury roads, three and a half miles west of Cirencester, claims to have within its boundaries the source of the Thames at Thames Head. One of the village's main places of interest is its church, which was considerably restored in 1860. It has an exceptionally fine fourteenth-century sepulchre recess. Minchinhampton is known for its cruciform church with a fourteenth-century octagonal tower and truncated spire. The church was much rebuilt in 1842. The manufacture of woollen cloth is the chief trade of this district. Bourton-on-the-Water was placed second in the awards for larger villages, with Winchcombe third. Three villages, all on the Cotswolds, shared second place in the category for smaller villages. They were Stanton, Sheepscombe and Lower Slaughter. Elberton, near Thornbury, was placed third.



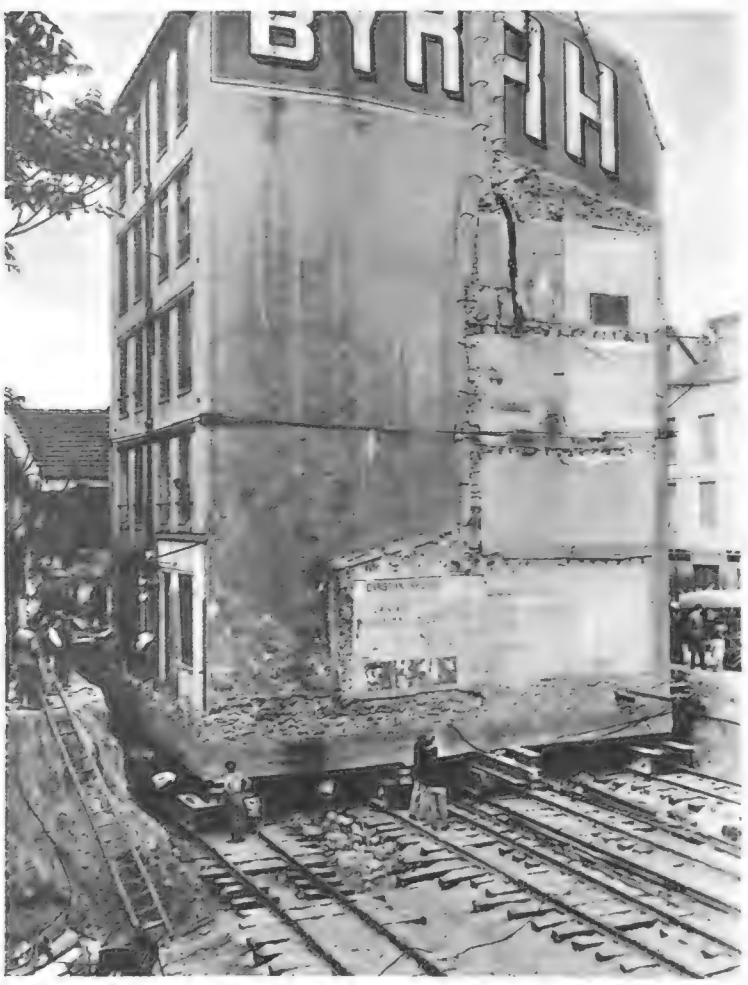
AN ANCIENT CUSTOM REVIVED IN LONDON: The Mayor and Mayoress of Bethnal Green arrive at the entrance to a new block of dwellings in the London borough for the "topping out" ceremony. In front turning towards them is Mr. N. E. Wates, Managing Director of the contractors for the building.

"Topping out"—a ceremony to mark the completion of a building—is of ancient origin. There are references to it in Chaucer. The form the celebration takes varies from country to country. In Bethnal Green at the end of last month spectators saw the Mayor and the Mayoress, Councillor and Mrs. Hastings, arrive at the cluster block of dwellings in Claredale Street with other members of the Council and civic officials. After speeches had been made, a Verey light was fired and Union Jacks broken from the top of the sixteen-storey building and on a tower crane. Then the company joined with the 200 workers employed on the site for the enjoyment of the pint of beer and other refreshments traditional in the custom. Thus a ceremony which the records show to have been celebrated in previous centuries at cathedrals, churches, castles and mansions was carried on beneath one of the latest examples of modern building in London and emphasised, as in the past, the friendly association between employers and employees.

CONSTRUCTION AND INGENUITY

Completion of Buildings in London and Milan; Moving House in France; Italy's New Motor Road

SIXTH MONTHS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE: The sixteen-storey cluster block is in Claredale Street, Bethnal Green. When the "topping out" was celebrated there recently, the structural framework had been completed six months ahead of schedule. The building contains fifty-six maisonettes and eight flats.



AN EXAMPLE OF LITERALLY "MOVING HOUSE" IN FRANCE: The five-storey building at Livry-Gargan, near Paris, is being transported *en bloc* for a distance of about 30 yards by most ingenious means. Bogies have been inserted under the foundations to run on rails to the new site. The thirty-five tenants, one of whom can be seen looking from a first-floor window, carried on undisturbed in the shops and dwelling apartments. Gas and electricity supplies were continued through special flexible ducts. The owner of the building estimated that the cost of the move was only a quarter of the sum which he would have had to spend if he had decided to pull the house down and build afresh on the new site.

A MOTOR ROAD OF THE FUTURE—ITALY'S "HIGHWAY OF THE SUN": The artist's impression shows a completed section, including a control station, of the vast project on the construction of which considerable progress has already been made. The highway is planned to run from Milan to Rome and Naples and on to the south of Italy. The carriageway will have a width of twenty-five yards.

Italy already possesses some of the finest roads in Europe. In six years' time when the "Highway of the Sun" has been completed from Milan to Naples a magnificent addition will have been made to the Italian thoroughfares. The artist's impression above gives some idea of its projected breadth and how it will run straight, being planned as direct as possible from point to point. Eventually it is hoped that the highway will span the length of Italy from north to south.

From Milan to Naples is 500 miles. In that distance the engineers are having to overcome the most formidable natural obstacles, including the Apennine and Lepini ranges of mountains. Eighty-one tunnels and 304 major bridges and 3,800 smaller ones are scheduled for construction. By these means the gradient of the road will never be more than 1 in 25. The cost of the project for the Milan-Naples section alone is estimated to be £110,000,000. Help is being sought from foreign loans and aid programmes.

"TOPPING OUT" IN MILAN: The Italian flag is hoisted at the top of the skyscraper of the Pirelli Rubber Organisation to celebrate the near-completion of the building. From the top of the 415-ft. structure can be seen many other tall new buildings in the city of Milan.

The giant structure of the new headquarters of the Pirelli Rubber organisation, in Milan, recently had its "topping out" ceremony when the Italian flag was hoisted on its roof, 415 ft. above the ground. This marked the completion of the concrete construction and all other work on the building should be finished by October next.

The skyscraper is claimed to be the highest iron-concrete building in Europe. The thirty-four floors are to be served by twelve lifts, each having a speed of 12 m.p.h. About 1,000 telephones will be installed and when the headquarters is fully staffed, the internal postal distribution service expects to deal with 11,000 letters a day for employees. A feature of the building is that the top may sway slightly in a strong wind, but it is understood that this will not be noticed by those on the upper floors.

With 1,343,859 inhabitants in the 1956 census, Milan is second only to Rome (1,810,060 citizens) in size of population among Italian cities. The number of Milanese is said to be continually increasing. Both for business and for dwellings, many new buildings have recently been erected. Several are notably tall and they stand as signs of the times among the splendid old monuments of Milan.

On left—

A NEW LANDMARK IN THE SECOND LARGEST CITY OF ITALY: The Pirelli building is in Duc d'Aosta Square, in Milan. In the right background is the railway station. The skyscraper has thirty-four floors, three of them below ground-level. Construction began just over two years ago. The building will be fully finished in two months' time.

OVERCOMING THE NATURAL OBSTACLES FOR ITALY'S AMBITIOUS MOTOR ROAD: The framework of iron rods will support a concrete viaduct to carry the "Highway of the Sun" over the Aglio Valley, near Florence. Work began on the Milan to Naples section of the thoroughfare last year. By means of a very large number of bridges and tunnels the engineers propose to overcome natural obstacles such as mountains and valleys, and drive the road as straight and as direct as possible with a maximum gradient of 1 in 25.

The Sphere of Travel

ISLANDS IN THE SUN

The Appeal of Winter Holidays in the Caribbean and in South America

By GORDON COOPER

IT has often occurred to me that a holiday in the sun during the winter is a far more satisfactory affair than one taken during the summer. For it is during those grim months after Christmas in Britain that we most feel in need of a tonic-escape. And where better to ensure *certain* sunshine and warmth than in the fabled islands of the Caribbean, which provide splendid tropical beauty, mountains and valleys to explore, exotic plants and birds to admire, interesting peoples, sailing, swimming on superb beaches, snorkeling, and fishing to enjoy. In fact, such a vacation means a complete change from the humdrum, the usual, and the familiar.

To reach these countries of the sun is easy. If time is limited, then travel by air will bring you to any desired destination in a matter of hours. B.O.A.C., for instance, maintain direct services from London to many of the main Caribbean islands, whence you can reach almost all the smaller islands by local air services. Island-hoppers can, indeed, have a wonderful time and enjoy a variety of environment even during a stay of only two to three weeks.

Many holidaymakers will prefer to make the journey to the West Indies by sea; or, possibly, go one way by air, and by ship the other. Then there are the cruises, with calls at various ports and opportunities for interesting shore excursions. Such a trip is a really glorious holiday in itself, and from personal experience I can say that life is really wonderful. For, earlier this year, I made such a voyage on a ship of the French Line, when I was cosseted and fed to perfection. There are, of course, other opportunities available, including sailings by freighters. It is best to enquire from a specialist travel agent as to what berths are available, for already many cargo ships are fully booked.

The itinerary S.S. *Flandre* followed was an extensive one, and as it included most of the important Caribbean islands, I feel that a brief account of the ports-of-call may indicate their tourist appeal. Leaving Southampton (in a drizzly mist), a call was made at Vigo, which allowed time for an excursion to Santiago de Compostela, with its superb cathedral and historic buildings—and an opportunity to buy Havana cigars at a quarter of English prices. Some restful days on the Atlantic followed, with a passing glimpse of the Azores. The next landfall was San Juan, capital of Puerto Rico. At dawn the vessel passed the impressive Morro Castle, most stalwart of old Caribbean forts.

Puerto Rico, a Spanish-speaking possession of the United States, is its problem "ward." Bolstered up economically by an ambitious "Operation Bootstrap," the island is gifted with great physical beauty and excellent roads; but to many travellers it may seem too like United States. Radios blare noisily on all sides. Neon lights cast lurid reflections on the timeless Spanish buildings. Everyone seems to be rushing about. There are some costly hotels, including the enormous Caribe Hilton, complete with casino, night club, and bathing pool. It is possible to get simpler and quite satisfactory accommodation for 25s. a day (room only). There are also house-keeping suites available at about the same figure.

Built on an islet, walled and pierced by five gates, the old Spanish town of San Juan has some interesting old buildings dating from the days of the Spanish occupation. In addition to Morro Castle, there is a sixteenth-century cathedral and La Forteleza, the governor's residence, with a lovely seaside garden. For a good meal I can recommend La Mallorquina, where you get authentic Spanish-Puerto Rican dishes, including *Asopas*, a delicious rice stew of lobster, shrimp, or chicken. Incidentally, night-life in all keys, all moods, from the smartly sophisticated to the blatantly banal, is abundantly available.

To emerge to pleasanter levels, an outstanding half-day (or more) excursion is to the Luquillo National Forest, a natural botanic garden, spawning hundreds of different species of trees and a luxuriant plant life. The drive through this forest is rewarded by some magnificent panoramic views. A fitting conclusion is to descend to the nearby Luquillo Beach—the tropical beach par *excellence*. It is two and a half miles long, crescent-shaped and bordered by groves of coconut palms. There is no finer spot for swimming in the Caribbean.

East of Puerto Rico are several small islands under the American flag—the U.S. Virgin Islands. St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix, all attractive and quaint, are easily reached from San Juan. Curiously, these islands enforce a "keep to the left-hand side of the road" rule. In this same group are thirty-six British Virgin Islands, all small, Tortola being the most important. A friend of mine gives an escapist's recommendation for the rather primitive Anguilla, which rarely sees a stranger, and lacks cinema, hotel, or modern sanitation. There are, however, a couple of small boarding houses, charging about £1 a day. The sea bathing around this island is superb. Continuing along the Antillean crescent to Trinidad, the ship encircled the Dutch island of Saba, a jagged, rocky cone rising 3,000 ft. from the sea. It is a romantic place, and its capital is Bottom, in the bottom of the old crater. To reach this quite breath-taking island, you must travel by motor schooner from St. Eustatius, St. Kitts, or St. Martin. Accommodation is available in Government guest houses.

CROSS-CHANNEL FERRY SERVICE

The new French Railways cross-Channel car ferry, the M.V. *Compiègne*, now in service between Dover and Calais, is the first ship of her type to be built in France. The Société des Chantiers Réunis "Loire-Normandie" was entrusted with her design and construction, and she was built in their Grand-Quevilly shipyard at Rouen under the special supervision of the Bureau Veritas, the French "Lloyds." This latest addition to the combined French and British Railways fleet is the most modern and commodious car ferry vessel on the cross-Channel short sea routes and the first they have operated between Dover and Calais.

With a capacity of up to 164 cars, *Compiègne* increases by more than 50 per cent. the number of car spaces hitherto available daily on the railway cross-Channel car ferries during the summer season. She will also be able to operate between Dover and Boulogne during the winter months, in pool with the British Railways car ferries.

MEALS ON CONTINENTAL TRAINS

And Other Items of Travel Interest

The cost of meals on Continental trains varies from country to country and is often very confusing to the traveller. In Italy, lunch or dinner costs 17s. between Rome and Naples, Viareggio or Bari, yet between Turin, or Milan and Rome, the price is £1 3s. 6d. On all other trains, including the *Lemano*, *Ligure* and *Mediolanum*, the charge is £1. Breakfast can cost 3s. or 4s. 6d. according to the particular train on which one is travelling. In Portugal, on the *Lusitania* and *Sud* expresses, the charge for lunch or dinner is 18s. 6d., but on all other trains it is 12s. 6d.

In Spain, on the same trains, the charge for the same meal is 14s. Yet between Madrid and Gijon or Seville, Valencia, Barcelona, Malaga or Corunna, only 6s. 6d. is needed for either lunch or dinner. In Switzerland 13s. 6d. is the price for main meals, but on one or two expresses it goes up to 15s. 6d. On Pullman cars one expects to pay more. In Belgium and Luxembourg, lunch or dinner costs £1 2s. 6d., in France £1 8s., but in Italy, only £1. In an ordinary wagon-restaurant one would pay only 11s. 6d. in Syria, but £1 5s. in Turkey for the principal meals of the day.

It is sometimes overlooked that Britain has one of the best road passenger services in the world. An

MOUNTAIN AND SEA SCENERY IN THE WEST INDIES: Children play on a palm-tree on Pigeon Point Beach, Tobago. The beaches are so numerous that it is possible to find a different place to swim every day. *Above left*—A car travels down a road fringed with palm trees in Kingston, Jamaica. Pictures taken by B.O.A.C.

Our next port-of-call was Antigua, the largest of the Leeward Islands and redolent of Horatio Nelson. For a lounging holiday, it can be recommended, as it offers a dozen or more safe, golden beaches and accommodation to suit most purses. For American visitors, its chief appeal is that it is extremely English.

Skirting Montserrat (British), a volcanic island with no unusual appeal unless it is that of Irish-speaking Negroes, the next port of call was Pointe-à-Pitre, the commercial capital of French Guadeloupe. Unfortunately, being a Sunday, this town seemed utterly dead, but the excursion to Basseterre, the capital, through sugar fields and luxuriant jungle growth, was quite pleasant and exciting, for the chauffeurs drive even more madly than a Parisian cabbie. The formal sights in Basseterre are limited, but its setting is wonderful. I doubt, however, whether I would want to stay on this island, although there are some fair hotels and several good bathing beaches.

The next day we were at Martinique, having passed Dominica (British), the most rugged island in the West Indies, during the night. Anyhow, it 's not for the comfort-loving traveller, but for the young and adventurous of all ages. There 's a lot of rain. Our arrival coincided with some carnival fun in Fort-de-France—and a thoroughly French atmosphere. The circular motor tour to St. Pierre and Mont Pelée takes one through a mass panorama of natural beauty, with a profusion of bougainvillea, orchids, clerodendrons, foxtails, patria, and allamanda blooms. At St. Pierre the Volcanological Museum shows interesting relics of the disaster in 1902, when the town was smothered by an eruption of Mont Pelée. Within a minute 40,000 persons died, and only one man, a gaolbird, survived.

For some of the West Indies finest mountains and sea scenery, and unspoiled native life, St. Lucia (British) has an appealing primitiveness, with civilised comforts within easy reach. There are fine beaches, reasonably-priced accommodation, and the island can be reached by air or sea. Barbados, known also as "Little England," offers many attractions for a stay, and there is hotel accommodation to suit your pocket-book. Few islands in the Caribbean are as well endowed with attractive bathing beaches. Among the seaside hotels is Sam Lord's Castle and the Crane. Incidentally, Bridgetown, the capital, is a place to make a purchase of rum, said to be the best of its kind.

A day's rest at sea was welcome, if only to digest an almost surfeit of excursions. Arrival at Trinidad, the southernmost of the islands of the West Indies, brought fresh delights in a superb excursion over the steep, scenic highway to Maracas Bay on the north shore. There are many other excursions to be made, although that to the famous Pitch Lake is rather a disappointment. In Port of Spain, a rather uninteresting town, there are ample opportunities of listening to the Calypso groups of singers.

Within easy reach of Trinidad by air is Tobago. Given a chance to visit a single West Indian island for a restful holiday, choose Tobago every time. Swimming is superb, and first-class beaches are so numerous that you can swim in a different place every day. There is pleasant accommodation, but you must provide your own amusements on this little island, for Tobago still lacks the garishness you often now find in the tourist-seeking Caribbean islands.

The first glimpse of Curaçao is depressing, and even a closer acquaintance with this important oil-refining centre does not prove to be very inviting. Willemstad, the capital, is, however, colourful and attractive, with marked Dutch features in its architecture. Most of the time there was spent seated on the veranda of the Americano Hotel, drinking ice-cold beer, where it is possible to look down on the remarkable Queen Emma pontoon bridge which swings aside each time a ship enters or leaves port, causing traffic hold-ups.

On to Jamaica, where time did not allow for visiting Montego Bay, the famous tourist resort. Kingston, the capital, is of small tourist appeal, but the Hope Botanical Gardens a few miles out of town, is a wonderful spot, with 200 acres of growing things, including a large collection of orchids. On the return trip to Puerto Rico a day was spent in both Haiti and in Dominica—independent republics occupying the same island. Haiti is unique in the Caribbean, and offers tremendous contrasts. The highlights of Port-au-Prince, the capital, include a most curious Iron Market, where the human, commercial confusion presents an incredible scene, and the Cathedral Ste.-Trinité, containing important murals painted by Haitian artists. Time did not allow for a visit to the Christophe country and its amazing Citadel, but a trip into the interior, up the mountainside, to Petionville and Kenscoff made me feel that on my next visit to the Caribbean I would want to spend a week on Haiti, for it has a fascinating individuality all its own. The voodoo displays put on for tourists are, however, as phoney as such exhibitions always tend to be. There is good hotel accommodation, although the rates are on American standards.

Finally, Dominica, which is extremely clean and very Americanised. In Ciudad Trujillo, the cathedral contains the remains of Columbus in a very showy sarcophagus in the nave.

Incidentally, don't forget to buy a copy of *The Traveller's Tree*, by Patrick Leigh Fermor, and remember to have easy-fitting footwear, for in the tropics one's feet tend to swell.

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interesting map just issued on behalf of fifty bus and coach companies shows the network of express motor-coach routes now in operation. There is hardly a part of the country which cannot be reached by regular coach services, with local bus connections ensuring a complete coverage. Whether anyone wishes to travel to mid-Wales, the Wolds of Lancashire or to the other end of Cornwall, travel by coach may be arranged, which, although slower than by train, can be both comfortable and interesting.

Cortina d'Ampezzo is one of the finest winter sports resorts in the world. Skiers will be delighted to hear that for the first time this resort will be brought within seven hours' journey from London. A twice-weekly air/road service via Venice is being introduced by B.E.A. from December 20, 1958, to March 28, 1959. The return tourist fare will be £47 0s. 3d. Passengers can also use the same service for Ponte nelle Alpe and San Martino di Castrozza.

The French Line has a reputation for good eating which is second to none. It is good to hear that the *Flandre* and the *Antilles* will be making four pleasure trips to the West Indies from Southampton on January 3, 22 and February 10 and 27. These 20,000-ton liners are justly famous for the care and attention given to passengers.

On October 30 the *Hilary*, belonging to the Booth Line, leaves Liverpool for a six-and-a-half-week round voyage to Barbados and Trinidad. Calls will be made at Leixoes (Oporto), Lisbon and Madeira.

W. D. C. C.

NOTES ON CRUISES

In addition to four sailings by the French Line, the Royal Mail Lines offer a 45-day West Indies, New Orleans round cruise on the *Andes*, leaving on January 16. The M.S. *Stella Polaris* (Clipper Line) is leaving Dover on November 25 for Barbados, Curaçao and Kingston, but return must be made by numerous other lines. Another opportunity is by the M.S. *Batory*, leaving Southampton on January 16, and carrying one class only. Informal Travels Ltd. have vacancies on Norwegian freighters to the Caribbean and U.S. Gulf ports.

For those wishing to visit South America, Royal Mail Lines have round voyages to Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. If desired, passengers can use the ship as a hotel during the stay in Buenos Aires. The Blue Star Line offer a similar cruise, with Christmas and New Year at sea. The departure from London is on December 20. There is an option of 10 days in Buenos Aires or 12 days at Punta del Este on the Uruguayan Riviera, or a 12-day combination of both. Then there will be the usual trips, 1,000 miles up the Amazon, by vessels of the Booth Line, with monthly sailings and a duration of 60 days. For those wishing to visit the west coast of South America there are sailings by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and also by freighter. A combination tour offers the unusually interesting railway journey over the mighty Andes and across the great Argentine Plains from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires or vice versa, with a return by the opposite route.

Addresses of Specialist Shipping Agents and Information Offices:—

Bermuda Travel Information Office, 6, *Lower Regent Street, S.W.*1.
West India Committee, 40, *Norfolk Street, W.C.*2.
Bahamas Government Information Bureau, 21, *Berkeley Square, W.*1.
*Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.*1.
Informal Travels Ltd., 45, *Queensway, W.*2.
D. H. Drakeford Ltd., 60, *Haymarket, S.W.*1.
Stelp and Leighton Ltd., 9-13, *Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.*3.
Benson Travelways Ltd., 85, *Knightsbridge, S.W.*1 (*for hotel bookings*).
Western Shipping and Air Travel Ltd., 39, *Jermyn Street, S.W.*1.
Arthur Bowerman Ltd., 28, *Ely Place, E.C.*1.
French Line, 20, *Cockspur Street, S.W.*1.
The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Pacific Building, James Street, Liverpool, 2.

HIGHLAND PATROL

This Service, Operated by the A.A., is now Radio Controlled

For his car to break down is possibly the worst thing that could happen to a tourist. For it to break down in the far north of Scotland, where garages and service stations are few and far between, could be serious. It might be hours before another vehicle passed by, but the chances are that it would be a familiar yellow-and-blue Land-Rover of the Automobile Association's Highland Patrol. The drivers are the men who, throughout the summer and winter, patrol the rugged, and in parts desolate, Highlands. There is probably no other force in the world like it.

The Highland Patrol has now been linked by two-way radio, which means that help will be sent to stranded motorists much more rapidly than ever before. All a motorist has to do is to telephone an Inverness number from one of the many A.A. telephone-boxes situated throughout the Highlands and radio instructions will be sent to the patrol nearest to him. With the Highland Patrol now on the radio network, the A.A. radio umbrella over the British Isles covers a total of 44,000 square miles.

During the course of five years the patrol men have rescued over 160,000 A.A. members from trouble in Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness-shire and the Isle of Skye. In summer each member of the force helps around 800 motorists a month. Every year their vehicles cover over 320,000 miles and use 16,000 gallons of petrol.

The men of the Highland Patrol never know what difficulty will face them next. Consequently, they are masters of improvisation. They know the Highlands as well as anyone is ever likely to know them; they are men who are dedicated to their job, proud of their force and know no fixed hours of duty if help is required.

To the Highland Patrol has gone a signal A.A. honour. Patrolman J. A. Henderson, who lives at Kirkhill, Inverness-shire, is the only member of the Automobile Association's Patrol Force to have been awarded the A.A. Patrol Service Cross. He earned it by rescuing a boy who had fallen 120 ft. over a precipice. The work of the Highland Patrol is thus not confined to assisting motorists. Many a crofter has welcomed a patrol in winter as his first contact with the outside world after days of raging blizzards, and many are the times only the four-wheeled-drive Land-Rovers have been able to break through the snow and ice barrier to some cut-off village.

Now, because of the A.A. radio network, the people of the Highlands will no longer be completely "on their own." The radio will provide that vital link through which assistance can be called for and urgent messages passed.

The A.A.'s Highland Patrol radio coverage extends northwards as far as Wick, eastwards to Lossiemouth and Elgin, southwards to Slochd and Drumnadrochit—famous as a "viewpoint" for the Loch Ness monster—and westwards to Achnasheen, Braemore Lodge, Roschall, Lairg and beyond. The Highland Patrol will also be able to maintain direct ground-to-air contact with the A.A. spotter aircraft when it is in the area. Last winter the aircraft operated in the far north during the worst of the blizzards and on one trip carried fresh stocks of 24-hour food packs which are part of the equipment of every vehicle of the Highland Patrol.

ON PATROL IN THE HIGHLANDS: The A.A. Highland Patrol Land-Rover is on a routine journey travelling through some of Scotland's most beautiful countryside. In the background is Loch Beneveian. The Patrol, which operates in the far North of Scotland throughout the year, is now linked by two-way radio. This enables help to be sent to stranded motorists more rapidly than before.

SEARCHING FOR STRANDED MOTORISTS: A Highland Patrol Land-Rover passes through Glen Affric. In five years over 160,000 A.A. members have been rescued from trouble on lonely Highland roads.

HIGHLAND PATROL RADIO COVERAGE: As shown on the map, the coverage extends northwards as far as Wick, eastwards to Lossiemouth and Elgin, southwards to Slochd and Drumnadrochit and westwards to Achnasheen, Braemore Lodge, Rosehall, Lairg and beyond.

A MOBILE ROADSIDE OFFICE: It is at Inverness where members are seen queueing for information. The Highland Patrol was formed by the Automobile Association in 1953.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK: Patrolman Macdonald changes a wheel for a member on a road overlooking Loch Beneveian.

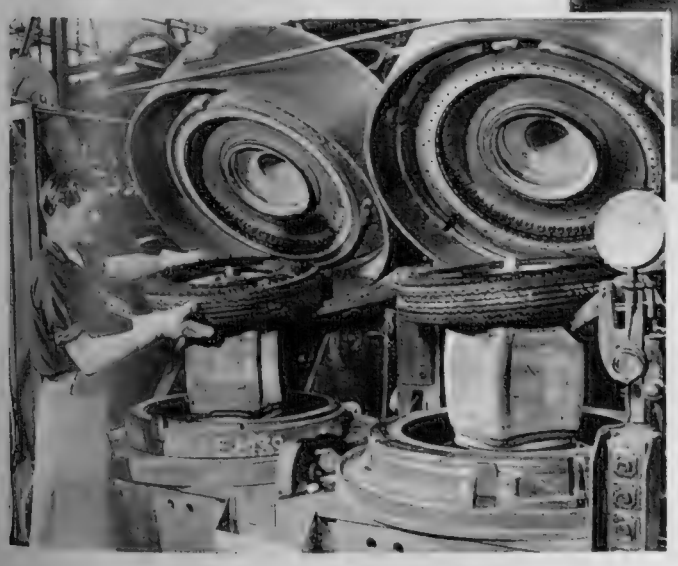
DEVELOPMENTS IN THE TYRE INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THERE must be something of the order of 45,000,000 wheels travelling regularly around Britain's roads to-day, almost every one wears a rubber tyre. Four million cars, 1,250,000 vans and lorries, about 1,500,000 motor-cycles, some of them with sidecars, probably 10,000,000 pedal cycles: when one begins to reckon the requisite number of wheels to every vehicle the figures become immense. One might sweep in the hundreds of thousands of tyres supplied to vehicles that don't go on the road: from the huge tyres of earth-moving equipment, some of which may weigh nearly half a ton and cost several hundred pounds each, down to rubber tyres for toys (Dinky Toys, of Liverpool, calculate that they must be among the largest customers for "motor tyres," if one counts it in numbers of actual rubber mouldings rather than by weight). However measured, the tyre market is a vast one.

It is also a very mixed one, and at any given time parts of it will be prospering while others are short of business (frequently inside the same firm). In Britain this summer, with the motor industry roaring away on its record output of cars, one might at first glance expect the tyre industry to be equally active. The sections supplying "original equipment" for cars are busy, though also uncertain about demand this autumn and winter. But demand for lorry tyres has not been nearly as strong; production of commercial vehicles has been less buoyant, and slacker among the big lorries than among the small vans that use the same tyres as cars. In spite of the road-building programme, decline of building activity and of public transport has somewhat reduced demand for "giant tyres."

"Original equipment"—tyres for new vehicles—constitutes a very large proportion of the whole output of the tyre industry, and this necessarily fluctuates with the fortunes of each kind of vehicle manufacturer. In the first quarter of this year, for example, more than 60 per cent. of all the car tyres sold new went on to British cars: there is no other time in its life that any car wants five tyres all at once. For motor and pedal cycles the proportion going out on new models is less than a third (which has perhaps been fortunate for the tyre industry, since sales of cycles have recently been slipping). In the first quarter of 1958 the industry produced about 2,500,000 car tyres, 600,000 tyres for commercial vehicles, 200,000 motor-cycle tyres and 3,400,000 bicycle tyres. With all other kinds total output was at the rate of about 30,000,000 tyre covers a year and 22,000,000 inner tubes; moreover, some 3,500,000 re-moulded tyres a year were coming back to the market.



The proportion of new tyres going to the replacement market—the tyres sold to vehicle owners to replace others that have worn out—has been declining for years. This is partly because of the post-war growth of motor production, and also says a good deal for the durability of the modern tyre cover. But perhaps the main reason is the rapid growth of the trade in "re-treads," or re-moulded tyres. Ten years ago the re-moulding industry supplied about a quarter of all the tyres sold as replacements: this year its proportion is up to more than half. The modern pneumatic cover has become stronger and more complex over the years, with a good deal of its quality coming from elements in its construction other than the actual tread, which is in contact with the ground and which takes the wear. It was inevitable that methods should be developed of renewing the tread and thus extending its working life to match the rest of the cover. A good remould costs half the price of a new tyre, and gives at least 80 per cent. as much mileage.

Another technical change now steadily extending through the industry—the tubeless tyre—may itself bring some changes in the pattern of original and replacement business for the tyre industry. There is some dispute about just where in the world's tyre industry the tubeless cover, which has no inner-tube, actually originated; there have been patent actions among the American manufacturers, and Dunlop over here, for its own part, claims to have been the first maker to introduce the tubeless tyre made of natural rubber. The tubeless tyre may last longer and goes down only very slowly if it gets a puncture: this has made some car manufacturers discuss the possibility of doing without a spare wheel.

So far only a smallish proportion of the "vehicle population" has these tyres, and all have come on to the road in the last four years. To-day, though the overwhelming majority of new British cars made have tubeless tyres, and these now constitute about two-thirds of all the new tyres made, replacement demand for tubeless covers is still comparatively small. There are a fair number of garages where the hands are a little chary of changing and repairing these new covers; nevertheless, the tyre companies are confident that when the motorist with his original tubeless tyres comes to replace one or two, he will choose the simpler modern cover again.

A growing proportion of commercial vehicles are now using tubeless tyres. They are not yet available in all sizes and types of giant tyres; and a majority of the tyres that Britain exports direct are still outer covers and inner-tubes. Some of Britain's foreign customers have proved a good deal more conservative about accepting the tubeless tyre than British or American motorists.

Historically, technically and economically, leadership in this world industry has come from Britain and America. The industry stems basically from the development of the pneumatic tyre by John Boyd Dunlop in Britain (though a patent for such a tyre had been taken out about forty-five years before Dunlop began to manufacture); much of the development in attaching the tyre to the wheel, in reinforcing the rubber cover, and later in introducing new materials to strengthen the tyre took place in the United States. To-day, so far as the British market is concerned, Dunlop has by far the biggest share; but some of the companies that compete with it here as well as internationally, such as Goodyear and Firestone, are of similar magnitude on their home ground. Tyre manufacture accounts for only about half of Dunlop's business; it has interests both in the re-treading business and in the retail and wholesale distribution of tyres.

There has been steady development over the years in the design of tyres for particular purposes. The result is perhaps best evidenced in the terms of "mileage contracts," the system under which the tyre companies keep bus and lorry fleets adequately supplied with tyres of a guaranteed "life." The first mileage contract ever made in Britain for the supply of a giant tyre was in 1904, when the tyre was sold for £30 with a guaranteed life of 10,000 miles. To-day the same kind of tyre costs no more than £40 (in spite of the fall in the value of money) and the guaranteed life is 70,000 miles. Constant research goes on into the best types of reinforcing materials—where nylon, lately, is coming in to challenge rayon, which itself has competed with cotton only since the last war—and into patterns of tread. In this last matter a considerable degree of art and experience remains; designs can be worked out in the laboratory to give optimum performance for almost every kind of tyre work, but somehow they don't always survive in commercial practice.

DUNLOP'S FACTORY AT SPEKE, NEAR LIVERPOOL: In this general view of the Giant Tyre Assembly can be seen a long line of cover-building machines in the foreground. *Below left*—A freshly-moulded and vulcanised tyre is lifted off the deflated diaphragm. It is now ready for the final finishing.

On to this steady development, since the war, have been superimposed two major technical changes. One is the tubeless tyre, the other is the use of synthetic rubber. This was forced upon the United States and to some extent upon Britain during the war, when connections with Malaya were severed. A substantial synthetic rubber industry was set up in the U.S.A., mainly under Government sponsorship. After the war, with the improvement of the new material, and the ability to develop specialised kinds of synthetic to meet particular requirements, the industry in the United States of America never switched right back to natural rubber: to-day, in its car tyres, the figures indicate that it uses about 60 per cent. of the synthetic material to 40 per cent. of natural rubber.

In Britain, for the present, the proportions are reversed: only about 40 per cent. of the rubber going into car tyres is synthetic. The materials are used together: synthetic rubber for the tread, and often natural rubber in the tyre walls. Nearly all the synthetic used in Britain at present comes from the United States, but there are several plants for specialised and general-purpose synthetic rubbers coming in during the next year or so in this country. The "tyre of the future," this industry told a commission of inquiry a few years ago, may well be a composite article, with one kind of synthetic for the tread, and others for the wall and different parts of the cover.

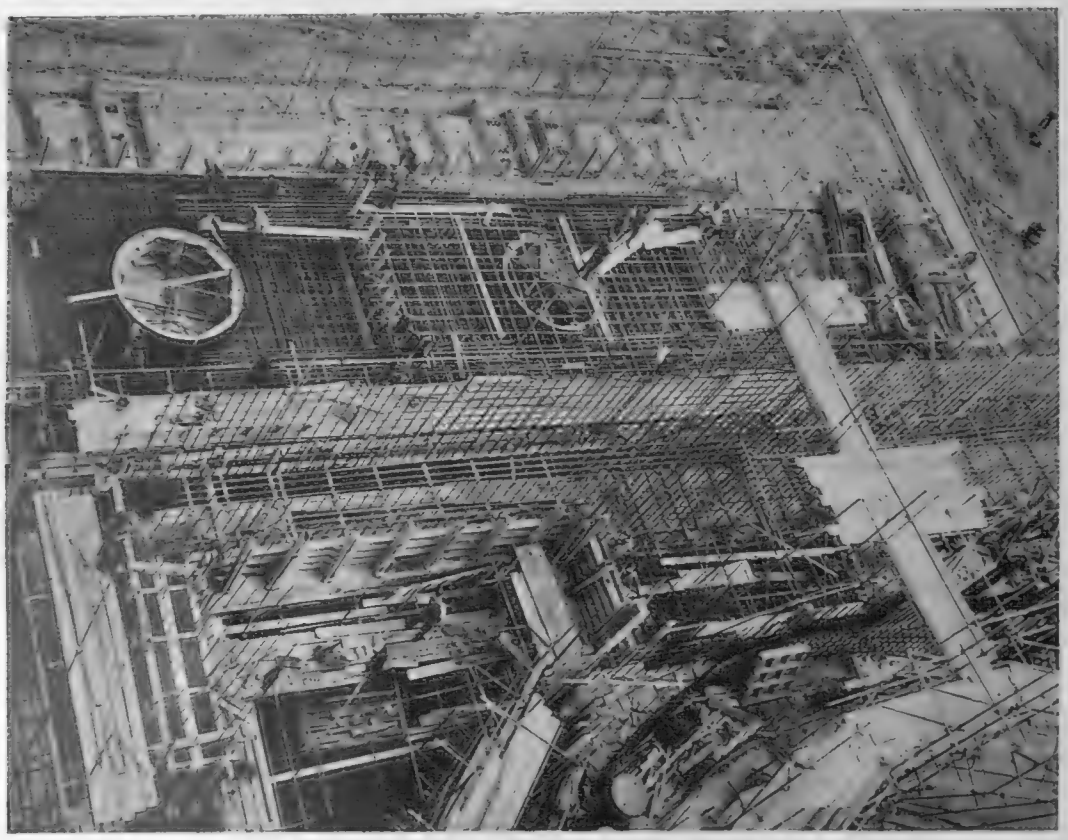
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A NEW BRITISH HELICOPTER

A successful first flight of the Saunders-Roe P.531 helicopter was recently made from Southampton Airport, Eastleigh, the home of the Company's helicopter division. The helicopter, which can accommodate five people, was designed and built by Saunders-Roe Limited as a private venture. It is powered by a Blackburn free turbine engine. The team which designed the P.531 was led by Mr. T. L. Ciastula, chief engineer of the helicopter division. He joined Saunders-Roe in 1948, transferring to helicopters in 1952. The helicopter was piloted on its maiden flight by Mr. K. M. Reed, the Company's senior helicopter test pilot.

IMPROVING A FACTORY LANDSCAPE

Eleven thousand square yards of chalk, forming the face of a cliff at Vauxhall Motors, in Luton, Bedfordshire, are being transformed into a grass wall by an experiment, unique in this country, to improve the factory landscape. The experiment was started after erosion had threatened the 100-ft.-high cliff—the result of cutting away a hillside to make way for the Company's now completed extensions. It was feared that rain, wind and frost might loosen the chalk, causing it to slide on to a new roadway below. As a result, a special quick-growing rye grass is being sprayed on to the chalk by means of the cement gun process. A mixture of seed, grit, soil and water is used, and applied in a layer ⅛-in. thick. The operator works from a bosun's chair and, with the aid of block and tackle, lowers himself down the cliff-face, which has an average slope of 45 degrees. The mixture is piped to him by compressed air. Another pipe supplies the water which acts as a binding agent. The grass sprouts within seven days, and already the cliff-face sprayed only a few weeks ago is covered by firmly-rooted grass.



On left—

RAPID PROGRESS AT BRADWELL

In the aerial view the camera looks down on part of the site at Bradwell-on-Sea, in Essex, where men are at work on two of the six boiler supports for the No. 1 reactor of the Bradwell Nuclear Power Station, which is now in an advanced stage of construction. The boiler shells, 19 ft. in diameter, 87 ft. in height and weighing nearly 200 tons, were made at Thornaby-on-Tees and were floated by sea to Bradwell. The station, which covers an area of 140 acres, is being constructed for the Central Electricity Generating Board by the Nuclear Power Plant Co., Ltd. Building started at the beginning of the year, simultaneously with the power station at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. It is expected to be completed at the end of 1960. The reactors at Bradwell (and Berkeley) are of the same type as those at the power station at Calder Hall, in Cumberland. They are graphite-moderated and gas-cooled and use natural uranium as fuel.

A BRITISH LAUNCH FOR PORT SUDAN . . .

In connection with the harbour improvements now being carried out at Port Sudan by the British contractors, Marples, Ridgway (Sudan), Limited, a launch has been supplied for the use of the Resident Engineer of the Consulting Engineers, Goode and Partners. The boat, 25 ft. in length with a beam of 6 ft., and a draught of approximately 2 ft., was designed and built by John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., at their Hampton-on-Thames Yard. The propelling unit is a Thornycroft type RJD2 marine diesel fitted with combined reducing-reversing gear and has an output of 16 s.h.p. at 1,800 r.p.m. Engine cooling is by the fresh-water system with external heat exchanger. On trials the boat attained a speed of 7½ knots. Her hull is built of single skin teak on frames of steamed English oak, and is copper-fastened throughout. The underwater portion of the hull is sheathed with copper.

. . . AND ANOTHER FOR JAMAICA

During the past two years, Universal Shipyards (Solent) Limited have designed a number of launches for pilotage duties, based on their standard light alloy hulls, and visitors to this year's National Boat Show had the opportunity of inspecting the 32 ft. 6 ins. Pilot II, which had been built to the order of the Trinity House River Pilots' Cutter Committee at Gravesend. The latest craft of this type has been built for Port Esquivel Terminals, Jamaica. Port Esquivel is operated by Sprostons (Jamaica) Limited on behalf of the owners—Alumina Jamaica Limited. Power for the launch, named *Katharine*, is provided by a single Perkins S.6 M diesel motor developing 100 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m., and this is equipped with a heat exchanger unit to provide closed circuit fresh-water cooling. The motor is installed centrally between the two cabins, and the engine-room is lined with glass fibre sound insulating material.

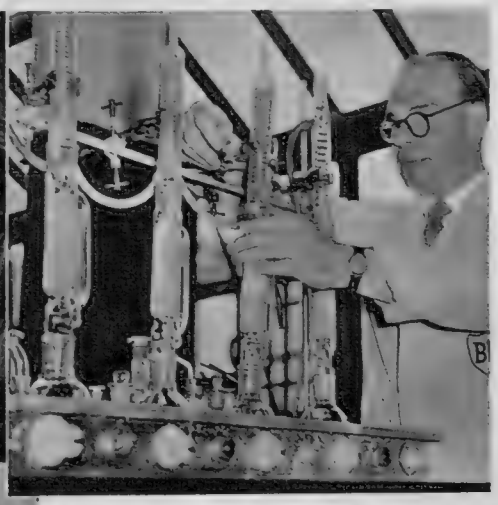
AT THE WESTWOOD CRUDE OIL WORKS: Shale is carried by the conveyer-belt to the retort (behind the cloud of steam, left background). The mine is near the West Calder Station to the south-west of Edinburgh. Second from the left is Mr. James Henderson, the manager of the mine. From this, and other mines owned by Scottish Oils Ltd., come about 900,000 tons of shale annually.

EXTRACTING OIL FROM SHALE IN SCOTLAND

Oil shale is dark brown to black in colour and contains about 80 per cent. of ash, which consists mainly of silica and alumina. The oil shales of the Lothians occur in the Calciferous Sandstone Series, near the base of the carboniferous system, constituting a local development peculiar to West and Mid Lothian and adjacent portions of Fife and Lanark, in Scotland. It was in this area in 1858, near Broxburn and in the West Calder district, that works were set up to refine oil from the shale. The discovery that this was possible, after demands for oil from the Continent and the United States had exhausted veins of cannel coal, from which oil had previously been obtained, led to a major step forward in the oil industry. By 1865, no fewer than 120 works were in operation.

In 1859, the commercial development of petroleum in the United States began, which in a few years caused a rapid fall in prices and the abandonment of many of the Scottish oil works. With the fall in value of the primary product—burning oil—greater attention was given to lubricating oils, paraffin wax, and latterly sulphate of ammonia. The output of shale reached a maximum of 3,250,000 tons in 1913. Shortly after the First World War the shale oil industry was brought under one management, Scottish Oils Ltd., which is now, with Irano Products Ltd., an associated company of The British Petroleum Group.

To-day many products are made from the shale. The process of extracting the oil consists of heating the shale in retorts. This causes the oil to evaporate; the vapour is condensed into crude oil which is basically the same as that obtained from the oil wells of the Middle East and America. The crude oil is then taken to the Pumpherston refinery. Here it is heated before being passed into a distillation tower in which the vapours rise. At different levels the various products are condensed off, and, after further processing, these "cuts" emerge as motor spirit and derv. There are one or two other products, including the basis for the detergent By-Prox, and paraffin wax. Some of the spent shale is made into Sol bricks.



On left—
TESTING A DETERGENT: Mr. J. Young checks how much oil is left in woollen yarn after it has been washed in By-Prox, a by-product which is extracted from the oil.

AT THE REFINERY: Looking down at a crude oil tank at the Pumpherston Refinery in the Scottish Shale Fields are, from left to right, Mr. J. Young, head of the analytical and development dept.; Mr. Kerr Johnston, technical dept.; and Mr. J. B. Wood, works manager. *On right*—Paraffin wax, one of the by-products, is stacked at the Pumpherston Refinery.

THE BROAD PATH OF THE LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM MOTORWAY: In this view, looking north-east from Chalton Cross, where the motorway lies in a chalk cutting, work is in progress near the B579 road, running from Toddington to Luton, which is to be raised and carried over the new road. The construction of the London to Birmingham motorway, which was inaugurated in March, is now in such an advanced stage that already much of the ground has been excavated along the route of the dual-carriageway.

PAVING THE WAY FOR BRITAIN'S FLOW OF TRAFFIC: The concrete base for the dual-carriageway is being mixed and poured into sections along a part of the highway constructed on an embankment. Some of the new road's many bridges are already under construction. The cost of the vast project is estimated at £20,000,000.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

Although it was Only Inaugurated in March, Rapid Progress is Being Made on the London to Birmingham Motorway

The construction of the London to Birmingham motorway is progressing at such a fast rate that to-day, only twenty-one weeks after the work was inaugurated by Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, it is possible for men engaged on the job to drive over long stretches of excavated ground along the route of the motorway. During the last two weeks, the main features of the motorway have been taking definite shape and Britain's landscape of fields and wide open spaces is becoming increasingly scarred as vast fleets of lorries, cranes and excavators proceed at full speed to pave the way of Britain's "highway of the future."

Where the route lies across hills and valleys, cuttings and embankments have been made, involving the excavation of 5,000,000 cubic yards of earth. Where existing roads cut across the line of the motorway, temporary diversions have been built totalling six miles. These diversions are sometimes carried over the route by Bailey bridges so that the work on the motorway can proceed without interfering with existing traffic. Already, ninety permanent bridges are under construction, including multi-span viaducts over the valleys of the Ouse, Nene and Ouzel. In addition, lean concrete road foundations are already being placed at various points. This work will soon be speeded up until 20,000 cubic yards of lean concrete—equal to over one mile of motorway—are being laid every week.

To carry out the contract—the largest of its kind ever awarded in Britain to one company—John Laing and Son have put a work force of more than 3,000 men on the job, and some £5,000,000 worth of equipment is being used. Before the 2,500,000 square yards of asphalt and tar macadam can be laid on the road's stone and concrete foundations, 12,000,000 cubic yards of earth must be excavated—and over 250,000 tons of concrete and 12,000 tons of steel reinforcement will be needed to build the

THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE: The camera looks down on the scene of activity near Luton. Running in a cutting, the new road will pass under the Luton-Dunstable branch line, which can be seen in the foreground, where lorries, cranes and excavators are at work. The A505 road is just visible in the distance. The London to Birmingham motorway does not run in dead straight sections. It has been planned to curve gently throughout its length in order to avoid the dangerous hypnotic effect of long "straights."

130 bridges, which include six major flyovers, ranged at strategic points along the motorway.

A quick, up-to-the-minute survey of such a vast undertaking is impossible by conventional means, as much of the road passes through remote countryside inaccessible by existing roads and surface transport is necessarily slow. A Bristol Sycamore helicopter has provided the answer to this problem. Mr. John Michie, the Project General Manager in charge of operations, can take off from a tiny landing site just outside his headquarters at Newport Pagnell, fly over the whole project and be back at his office desk ninety minutes later. To do the survey by car would take him the best part of four days.

It is one of the few times that a helicopter has ever been used in the United Kingdom on a major civil engineering project. The London to Birmingham motorway, which will be the first large-scale motorway to be completed in this country, has been described as "the most extended civil operation since the railways were built." The road, beginning near St. Albans, will join the main trunk road near Luton. From Slip End it follows a north-westerly route to Watford gap, near Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire. There a spur road will branch off towards Birmingham, joining the Dunchurch by-pass.

The main trunk of the motorway will consist of two three-lane carriageways, each 36 ft. wide and separated by a 15-ft. central reserve on which trees or shrubs will be planted. Contrary to popular expectation, the motorway is not straight. It is designed to curve gently throughout its length so that the hypnotically dangerous effect of long straights will be avoided. Instead of kerbs, marginal concrete haunches, built flush with the surface of the road, are being used.

The construction continues 24 hours a day, seven days a week, except for holidays. This non-stop schedule, together with a high degree of mechanisation, allows the total period for the construction of the dual-carriageway to be only nineteen months—that is, by October 1959.

The World of Books

ADVENTURESS ACTRESS

Strange Experiences in South Africa; the Wit of Peter Fleming; Murders Most Vile; Three Novelists from America; Science Fiction for Adults

THERE is a little lady, now, I suppose, middle-aged, though that seems difficult to believe in view of the tremendous vitality of her writing, who has already produced an early book of autobiography dealing with her ancestors, Huguenot weavers settled in England, and continuing to her own twenty-fifth year. *Hand Over Hand* was a deserved success, and now Miss Cecile de Banke follows it up from 1916 to 1929 with BRIGHT WEFT (Hutchinson. 21s.). By the beginning of this period Miss de Banke was already a young actress, and it was as such that she sailed for Cape Town to take up an appointment with a Johannesburg theatrical company.

Here is a person who is—demonstrably—both adventurous and one to whom adventures naturally occur. If she is not entirely fearless, she comes very close to being so, and nothing could be more spirited than her account of, for just one instance, the day she arrived in Johannesburg after a thousand miles of slow rail travel to find no welcome at the theatre and a race riot which included the sacking of her hotel. During her stay Miss de Banke also worked as a teacher of elocution and theatrical coaching, and owing to a heart condition which resulted from overwork at Johannesburg's altitude, she decided to adopt this profession more or less permanently. Of course, being the person she was and is, even such a quiet craft offered extraordinary opportunities and experiences to her, and the rest of the book—a long and rewarding one—describes some of these.

Miss de Banke, as just one other example, is probably the only person in the world to have seen the ostriches' mating dance on the open veldt, and not to have been killed in the process. Years later she told Julian Huxley about it, and he, understandably, was so interested that she had to end her account running along beside his train window on a New York platform. Her book has a sense of sparkling life about it, of instinctive friendliness and of an unquenchable, healthy curiosity in places and, above all, in people. In the formal phrase which, in this case, I mean most sincerely, it gives me great pleasure to recommend this book.

THE GOWER STREET POLTERGEIST (Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.) is a selection of Mr. Peter Fleming's short essays previously published in *The Spectator* under the pen name of "Strix." They are, as one would expect, expressive of the whole range from gentle wit to hilarity, although a number of them make such good and important sense that they should be reprinted as handbills and thrust upon those people to whom they will do the most good. My own nearest and dearest could do with a swift reprint of *There 'll Always be an Er-Land*; anyone who has ever kept (or seen) a game book would profit from *To Whom Sent*, and *Stanislavsky at Newport Pagnell* could well be circulated instead of pep pills before big events. Mr. Fleming can be funny or touching or commonsensical. What he apparently cannot be is dull.

Nor, I suppose, in a very different way, can anyone who writes intelligently about murder, although there are many readers who are repelled by even an objective view of the crime. MURDER BY NUMBERS (Robert Hale. 18s.) is possibly intended for the amateur criminologist and has been written by a highly professional one, Mr. Grierson Dickson, who, as a Civil Servant, has been engaged in fraud and later the drug racket investigations, and who recently retired from his work as Intelligence Officer. Many of the most curious of the cases with which he has been connected necessarily come under the ban of the Official Secrets Act, we learn, but the present book is concerned with well-known or more exactly notorious cases of multiple murder. Mr. Dickson has coined the word "multicide" for this kind of murderer, and in the course of his book considers Landru, Gilles de Rais, who committed his monstrous crimes more than 500 years ago, Palmer, "Brides in the Bath" Smith, Haigh and Christie. The material is factually presented and, perhaps because of that, is sordid to an unbelievable degree. Mr. Dickson may have done a public service by showing how inescapably vile is the crime of murder.

Mr. John Brooks is the first of the novelists to be discussed this week: an American writer who obviously has a fabulous capacity for research, as demonstrated by his earlier works, which were about a New York weekly picture paper and a section of local aristocracy respectively. THE MAN WHO BROKE THINGS (Gollancz. 15s.), which I have been reading with the page-to-page, breathless attention that only thrillers are expected to get, is about Wall Street. I can think of few subjects, unless it is the origin and development of the tithe system, in which I feel less general interest and yet . . . and yet. . . . This is Mr. Brooks' particular magic, that he compels the reader to follow close behind him as he explains (and he really *does* explain) the intricacies of holding companies, proxy voting and other esoteric matters.

RETURNING TO THE STAGE: Florence Desmond, rehearsing the part of Vera in the Broadway hit *Auntie Mame*, takes notes at an early rehearsal recently. It will be the first time she has appeared on the stage for five years, after her retirement to her husband's farm. In the comedy, which will open at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, on September 10, Florence Desmond will play the part of the drunken actress friend of Auntie Mame, the part which is being taken by Beatrice Lillie. Best known as an impersonator of famous personalities of the entertainment world, Florence Desmond made her first appearance on the stage at the Strand Theatre in London in 1916, as a dancer in a pantomime. Subsequently she appeared in many reviews in London and made many films in Hollywood.

One of his secrets, of course, is that he writes about these matters not as if they were admirable or even important in themselves, but as they affect the careers and even the domestic lives of the very human men called upon to manage them. Another secret is the passion for painstaking research, so that the reader knows he is being given an accurate account of the proceedings, and the third and essential one is that he can tell a story. I needn't emphasise how surely that last capacity lifts a novelist out of one category and fits him, comfortably and successfully, into a more popular one.

A Madison Avenue ad-man, emancipated by a successful play and film, is naturally vacationing in Rome. His girl is also there, but has perversely fallen for a rich Italian count. Fed up, he is about to beat it back to New York when accidentally he gets involved in an attempted kidnapping. Thereafter he and his girl, the Italian and a whole list of sinister characters and secret agents engage in a drama of pursuit. Suspense and mayhem, until Bill gets his girl in the end. This is the sort of thing which Eric Ambler and, latterly, Graham Greene do supremely well. NORTH FROM ROME (Collins. 15s.), by Miss Helen MacInnes, might not bear the scrutiny of comparison, but if you like clean-cut, lithe, tanned Americans, seedy, sardonic Englishmen and volatile Italians, this is one for you.

TWO LAKES (Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.) is by another American writer, Mr. Winston Brebner, although one very different in mood and manner from Mr. Brooks. The scene of his story is Italy during the war, and the tale itself is of the love of a young Italian-born G.I., with a wife back in New York, and a young Italian widow whom he meets while on leave after the armistice. Their affair is shown as a brief idyll, but the novel comes most sharply to life where it is concerned with the soldiers talking, drinking and reminiscing among themselves, or, more than half-drunk, befriending a little waif, thoughtfully and decently giving the five-year-old a bath, and stumbling through Florence to find some *real* shoes and a dress that will be cool in summer, warm in winter. This is a poetically planned book and a sensitive one.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY (Gollancz. 16s.), by the late James Agee, is the novel on which this poet and script-writer had been working for some years before his premature death in New York. Briefly described, it is about a mother and father, their little boy and girl, living in Knoxville, Tennessee, about forty years ago. They are a nice family, they love each other, and when the father is killed in an accident, the adjustment to life without him seems too bitterly hard to make. Yet they all make it, the mother in the most poignant chapter in the book, the children beautifully described as they grope for comfort or reassurance. There is little more to the plot, yet James Agee has shown us a whole way of life and given us a new insight into what American fiction can be.

Signor Alberto Moravia's new novel, TWO WOMEN (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), has been translated from the Italian by Mr. Angus Davidson and must surely be counted as one of his finest, more profound and compassionate than *The Woman of Rome*, although that, too, gave evidence of the writer's pity and unexpected tenderness. To use the word unexpected is simply to recall that Signor Moravia's work is realistic, in the exact sense, and that he writes of even the grimmest situations without subterfuge and certainly without innuendo. The present

WHAT IS TRUTH?

A Dissertation on Legal Proof

Deductions made by a detective may not always be accepted as fact by a court of law. Or, to put it another way, the police may be certain of a man's guilt, but a lawyer may not be able to prove it to the satisfaction of British justice. This is the theme of ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE, by Gerald Abrahams (Cassell. 21s.). The author is a barrister and well equipped to deal with his subject. His opening is perhaps a little unhappy with reference to such meaningless concepts as "the science of life" and "the science of law." But once he gets down to his main subject he is in excellent form. Quoting numerous cases and many judgments he shows what is and what is not permissible as proof under British law and from time to time he makes telling comparisons with foreign legal systems. The book may well contain information new to experienced legal practitioners. It will certainly be of great assistance to law students and the layman will find explanation for the intricacies and apparent paradoxes which often perplex him in court reports and a clear exposition of that mystifying matter of what is evidence.

Thousands of people are active followers of motor sport. An incalculable number watch it on television, or listen to broadcast commentaries or read reports in the Press. A guide to the sport is therefore very timely and few could be better fitted to write it than Robin Richards, who is a driver of note and also a B.B.C. commentator. In SPEED AND A MICROPHONE (Kimber. 21s.) he starts with the background to the sport and goes on to discuss rallies such as the Alpine and the Monte Carlo; venues for racing and the art or science of driving; and the need to understand the relationship between the design of a car and driving it. Another chapter is concerned with famous drivers, among them Peter Collins, who was killed so tragically a fortnight ago. Finally there is a glossary of terms used in motor sport which is most useful to those with little knowledge of the subject. This is a fitting coda to a well-arranged book.

Now for three books about animals. The many who enjoyed Richard Carrington's *A Guide to Earth History* will find equal pleasure and elucidation in his ELEPHANTS (Chatto and Windus. 25s.). The subtitle, "a short account of their natural history, evolution, and influence on Mankind," explains the contents. There can be little that Mr. Carrington has omitted about the mammoth beasts, whether considering their place in art, religion and folklore, their military prowess as "armoured vehicles" in the ancient world, the part they have played in entertainment and shows for centuries, or their anatomy and physiology. Many accepted ideas about elephants will be found to be delusions—for instance, the African species can be tamed—and on every page something of interest is presented in a most readable style. There are plenty of good photographs and drawings.

Although from a different publisher, FOLLOW THE WHALE (Cassell. 25s.), by Ivan T. Sanderson, can be regarded as a companion volume to Mr. Carrington's. The Leviathan of the oceans is treated in the same manner, the author outlining its history, evolution,

A REMINDER FROM THE PAST: To mark the Bradford City Transport Department's Diamond Jubilee a tram runs again in the city, during "Open Day" at the Thornbury Depot. *Above, right*—No. 104, built by Brush in 1902, runs on the 100 yards of track still in position between Thornbury Workshops and Leeds Road, drawing current from overhead trolleybus wires. Trams have not been in service in Bradford since 1950, when the last route was converted to motor-buses. During the afternoon of the "Open Day," the tram was filled with passengers, each of whom paid sixpence for a return trip. It was driven by the General Manager of the Transport Department, Mr. C. T. Humpidge, who was instrumental in restoring the tram.

PUFFING OUT STEAM AND SMOKE: Traction engines are lined up in the grounds of Woburn Abbey. They were part of the entertainments which the Duke of Bedford had prepared for visitors to the Abbey over the August Bank holiday. Traction engines used to do the work on farms that tractors do to-day. During the afternoon the Duke of Bedford boarded one of the engines and raced the Marquess of Bath in another. The Duke of Bedford won by a length. The rally was organised by the Bedford Steam Engine Preservation Society in conjunction with the National Traction Engine Club.

CAPTURING THE SPIRIT OF THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY: Holidaymakers pack the beach at Blackpool, taking advantage of one of the sunny periods during what was regarded as one of the most disappointing August Bank Holidays for several years as far as the weather was concerned. In the background is Blackpool's famous landmark, the 500-ft. tower. Attractions at Blackpool include seven miles of promenades, three piers and a pleasure beach.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

book is the story of a mother and daughter in Rome, leaving the city during the war, existing in horrible conditions, danger and degradation, and finally making their way back in the wake of the Allies.

Miss Catherine Gaskin, who goes about the business of writing historical romances with great verve and grace, has given us BLAKE'S REACH (Collins. 15s.), which is about Romney Marsh in the 1790's, and therefore, inevitably, about smuggling. Miss Gaskin may be an Australian who lives in New York, but she can, nevertheless, write about the Marsh as one who knows it well in its contemporary appearance, and knows, too, that the Marsh hasn't changed very radically since a church not far from Rye was closed to Sunday services because it was needed for the storing of French goods. I enjoyed this spirited story very much, less for its originality than, admittedly, for its background.

THE TIDE WENT OUT (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is space fiction and far more readable than I had expected. Mr. Charles Eric Maine announces that his novel is for adult minds only, and if by that he means that it is far removed from the standards of the comic strip, he is quite right. His premise is scarcely a reassuring one, but I don't suppose that one turns to science fiction for comfort in any case. The atomic scientists have made a fatal mistake, the sea-level is falling, and just possibly there are nameless horrors to follow. Gripping, in its specialised way.

Vernon Fane

habits and sperming grounds. Mr. Sanderson is a professional zoologist who has had first-hand experience in whaling operations. This is another fascinating volume.

TUPU-TUPU-TUPU, by Peter Krott (Hutchinson. 21s.), is less broad in its scope than the two previous animal books and far more personal. Mr. Krott, an Austrian supplier of wild animals to zoos, relates how he went to Sweden and Finland in search of the wolverine or glutton. This little-known animal is no bigger than a fox but has the strength of a bear. The curious title of the book is taken from the call with which the author eventually was able to summon his wolverines from the forests. Charming pictures add to a most unusual story.

In a sense John Hislop's FROM START TO FINISH (Hutchinson. 18s.) could be classed as an animal book. Intended as a work of advice for would-be jockeys, it naturally has much to say about horses. As Sir Gordon Richards says in his foreword, "This book is a winner." If any one volume can inspire future Sir Gordons or Steve Donoghues and show them the road to success, here it is.

There are seven new titles in the recently started series of Faber Paper-covered Editions: THE RIDDLE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT (6s.), by Sir Edwyn Hoskins and Noel Davey; THE COCKTAIL PARTY (5s.), by T. S. Eliot; PEACOCK PIE (5s.), by Walter de la Mare; W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood's THE ASCENT OF F.6 and ON THE FRONTIER (5s.); William Saroyan's THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (6s.); ARCHY AND MEHITABEL (5s.), by Don Marquis; and THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES (6s.), edited by Edmund Crispin.

C. D.

ROYAL SAILING AT COWES

The Duke of Edinburgh and The Prince of Wales Sail in "Bluebottle"

THE PRINCE OF WALES SAILS WITH HIS FATHER: On board the Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle*, heeling over in a stiff wind at Cowes, are the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales and Mr. Uffa Fox, the designer of *Bluebottle*. The young Prince was on board the yacht for half an hour while she was on her way to the starting-line for a race in the Royal Yacht Squadron's four-day regatta, one of the main events in the sailing calendar. He did not accompany his father in the race, but was transferred to the Royal yacht *Britannia* and, from there, taken ashore.

ON BOARD "BLUEBOTTLE": This close-up shows some of the features of the Dragon-class yacht. Another Royal helmsman on the first day of the regatta was Prince Michael of Kent, who was taken sailing by Lieut.-Commander A. Easton, the Royal sailing master, in the Duke of Edinburgh's Flying Fifteen, *Coweslip*.

"BLUEBOTTLE" SHOWS HER PACES: The Dragon-class yacht heels over in blustery conditions as she passes the Royal yacht *Britannia*, seen in the background. *On left—Bluebottle* prepares to round a buoy while coming up to take her position for the start of a race in which she finished sixth out of fifteen after sailing off in the wrong direction at the start. Prince Philip is at the helm.

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TRADITIONAL DESIGN FOR NEW BRITISH STAMPS

A Series of Stamps for Wales and Monmouthshire, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Man has Recently been Announced

UNLIKE the sometimes florid and sometimes scenic designs for stamps of foreign countries, British stamps bear the head of the reigning monarch as the dominating feature and are traditionally chaste in design. No exception to this are the designs recently announced for new stamps for parts of the British Isles. Round the portrait head of the Queen are placed symbols and designs appropriate to the countries and islands. Twelve different stamps are to be issued: there are 3d., 6d. and 1s. 3d. stamps for Wales and Monmouthshire, Scotland and Northern Ireland, and 3d. stamps for Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Man. All the 3d. stamps will be put on sale on Monday, August 18, and the 6d. and 1s. 3d. denominations on September 29. The new issues will be sold only over the counters of post offices in the areas of which they are representative, and, except in Monmouthshire, will replace the stamps of the existing permanent series. In Monmouthshire the present stamps will be available if specially asked for.

In the same colours as usual, violet for the 3d. stamp, purple for the 6d. and green for the 1s. 3d., the new stamps will be valid throughout the United Kingdom for postage and revenue purposes. They are printed on paper with a watermark embodying only a crown, instead of the old watermark which incorporates also E 2 R. The British Empire and Commonwealth Games issues will continue to be available throughout the United Kingdom, but in areas where the new stamps are being sold will be obtainable only on request.

All the three stamps for Wales have been designed by Mr. Reynolds Stone. The 3d. shows the Queen's portrait set in the heart of a leek. At the base is the Welsh Dragon. This has long been used as an emblem in Welsh legend; it appears to have been well-established before the time of heraldry. The leek is both a military and religious Welsh emblem; its military tradition dates back to the Battle of Crecy in 1346, when Welsh soldiers are believed to have worn "leeks in their Monmouth caps." In the religious tradition the leek is associated with Saint David, who is reputed to have been fond of this vegetable. It appears on two of the new stamps.

In selecting the symbols to be used in the designs, and the designs themselves, the Postmaster-General was assisted by an Advisory Panel of eminent Welshmen, prominent figures in the cultural and artistic world. Mr. Reynolds Stone also designed the 3d. Peace stamp issued in 1946 and the 3d. British Empire and Commonwealth Games stamp issued this year. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and spent a short time in the workshop of Eric Gill, cutting and drawing. He engraved the Royal Arms printed by the Cambridge University Press for the Coronation service in 1937, and engraved two shields for the Order of Service for the Victory Thanksgiving in 1945.

THE SAME SIZE AND COLOUR: The recently announced new stamps for Wales and Monmouthshire, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Man, are the same in colour as the ones replaced. The 3d. stamps will be on sale on August 18 (Monday), and the other denominations on September 29.

On the 3d. stamp for Scotland, designed by Mr. Gordon Huntly, are two versions of Scottish national badges. On the left is the Saltire encircled by a Crown (Her Majesty's Saltire Badge). The Saltire, or St. Andrew's Cross, is the statutory, dating from 1385, and duly registered identity badge of Scotland. Here it is shown in the special form "environed of an open crown" used prior to the reign of King James V: in this shape it is found as a Royal Badge and is connected with the Order of the Thistle. On the right is the Crowned Thistle, Her Majesty's Royal Badge for Scotland. The crown is a version of the Crown of Scotland; it has the slightly dipped top seen at certain periods in the seventeenth century.

Surrounding the Queen's portrait on the 6d. stamp, designed by Mr. J. B. Fleming, are a simple frame and strongly conventionalised thistles of Scotland—the national symbol—on a dark background. The thistle is traditional to Scotland; the Order of the Thistle was founded in 1687 by James VII (James II of England), although a much earlier origin is claimed. The order of knighthood consists of the sovereign and sixteen knights, who wear a collar of thistles, alternating with double sprigs of rue in saltire in their proper colours; pendant from this is a golden star of eight rays, called the glory.

Two crowned and collared unicorns flank the Queen's head on the 1s. 3d. stamp, designed by Mr. A. B. Imrie. Unicorns are the unique heraldic animals of Scotland. The one on the left supports a flag showing a Lion Rampant, Her Majesty's Scottish ensign, and that on the right a flag showing the St. Andrew's Cross. In the selection of designs the Postmaster-General was assisted by an Advisory Panel of eminent Scots.

The 3d. stamp for Northern Ireland, designed by Mr. W. Hollywood, has a six-pointed star, representing the six counties of Northern Ireland, on the left. In the centre of the star is the Red Right Hand of Ulster. On the right and at the bottom are sprays of flax. On the 6d. stamp, designed by Mr. L. Pilton, the Queen's portrait is set against a background representing linen woven with a diamond pattern. The symbols on the 1s. 3d. stamp are a spray of flax and the Red Right Hand of Ulster, with, at the bottom, a stylised five-barred gate, supported by typical Ulster pillars.

The Red Right Hand is commonly accepted as the badge of the Province of Ulster. Dating from ancient times, the symbol was used in the seal of the O'Neills, the Kings of Ulster, and is to-day incorporated in the Arms of the Province and in the Arms of the Government of Northern Ireland. Symbolising Ireland's connection with the linen industry is the flax plant. The whitewashed circular stone pillars of the field gate on the 1s. 3d. design have for a long time been a characteristic feature of the Ulster countryside. Their size is explained partly by the weight of the iron gates they carry and partly by the prestige attaching to them. The conical tops help to throw off the rain. The designs were selected by the Postmaster-General helped by an Advisory Panel of people eminent in Northern Ireland.

The new stamp for the Bailiwick of Guernsey was designed by Mr. E. A. Piprell. It shows the portrait of the Queen, with the Crown of William the Conqueror in the top left-hand corner and a stylised flower of the Guernsey lily below it. The Crown is taken from the silver penny of William I, Duke of Normandy, minted during the period 1069 to 1072—with its two arches and tassels it is markedly distinctive.

Associated with the island since the middle of the seventeenth century is the Guernsey lily, the Latin name of which is *Nerine sarniensis*. It is said that the bulbs were washed ashore from a ship in distress and took root on the island. From this comes the name—*Nerine*, a sea nymph, the daughter of Nereus, and *Sarniensis*, the old name for Guernsey. As the stamp is not used for Inland Revenue purposes on the island, the word "Revenue" has been omitted.

On the new stamp for the Bailiwick of Jersey are the Royal Mace of Jersey on the left and the Coat of Arms of Jersey in the top right-hand corner. Sprays of foliage are included to symbolise the island's agricultural interests—the island is very fertile, and many important agricultural and horticultural industries have been established there. The stamp was designed by Mr. W. M. Gardner. The Royal Mace was presented by King Charles II to Jersey in 1663. It is borne before the Bailiff at sittings of the Royal Court and of the Assembly of the States of Jersey. The Arms date from 1279, when King Edward I granted a Public Seal to the island.

The new stamp for the Isle of Man shows the "Three Legs of Man" in a shield in the top left-hand corner; the border along the top and down the sides is of Celtic ring chain design. The Legs of Man, armoured and spurred, on a shield, are the arms of the ancient kingdom. They are in the form in which they appear on the Manx Sword of State, the thirteenth-century weapon which is carried before the Lieutenant-Governor at the annual open-air Tynwald Assembly. The ring chain pattern forming the ornamental panels in the borders is taken from decorative carvings on Manx runic crosses. This characteristic pattern dates from the Norse period of the island's history. The designer of the stamp, Mr. J. H. Nicholson, has held two one-man exhibitions of water-colours in London in 1948 and 1950. He designed and executed the shield bearing the Coats of Arms of the island and its four towns, which is now a fixture on the Royal yacht *Britannia*. He has also executed three illuminated addresses presented to the late King George V and to Queen Elizabeth.

In choosing the designs and symbols for the new stamps for Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Man, the Postmaster-General had the help of Advisory Panels of prominent people from the Bailiwicks of Guernsey and Jersey and from the Isle of Man. This new series of stamps emphasising the long traditions and separate cultures of various parts of the United Kingdom are as meticulously drawn and printed as the permanent existing series which they replace.

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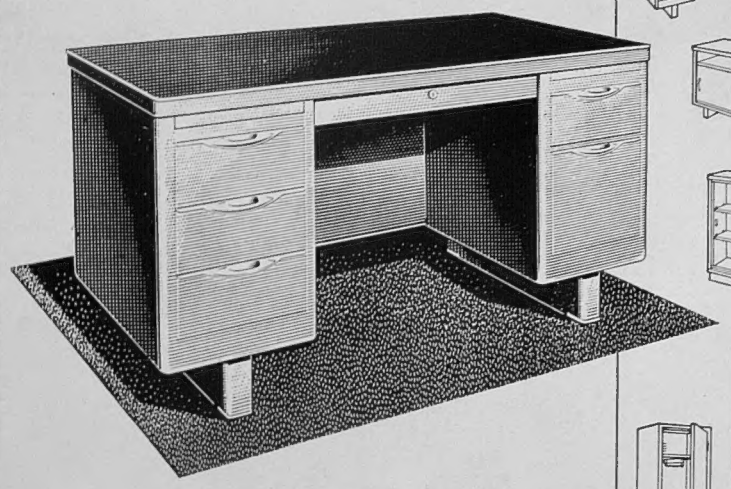

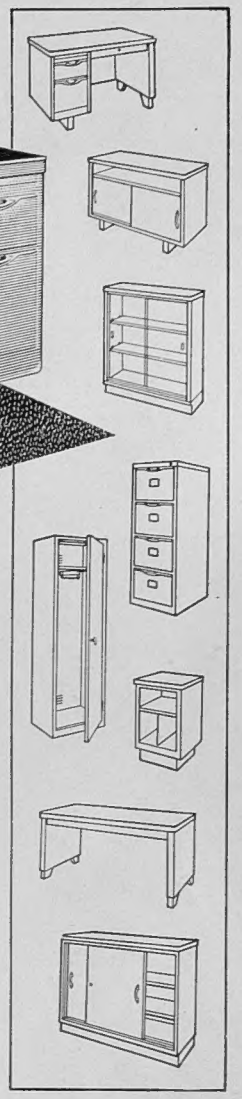

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